

A YOUNG MISSIONARY
OR THE LIFE OF
BERTHA RASMUSSEN

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BERTHA RASMUSSEN.

Her godly life went out from this world to shine more fully in the other at the age of fifteen years and ten months.

A

YOUNG MISSIONARY

OR

The Life of Bertha Rasmussen

WRITTEN BY HER MOTHER

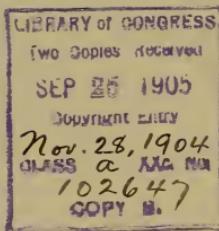
MRS. HANNAH RASMUSSEN

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." "My Father, thou art the guide of my youth."—*Bible*



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By HANNAH RASSMUSSEN

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PREFACE

WHEN I felt that God wanted me to write a short sketch of my daughter's life, it was done with much prayer, and with the desire that it might go out to bless the world, and with the expectation that it might stir up its readers to a closer walk with God, and if possible roll the burden of a lost world on young soldiers, and lead them to give their lives for the cause that was on the heart of our dear departed. If this is accomplished, my labors will be well recompensed.

HER MOTHER.

INTRODUCTION

OUR acquaintance with Bertha Rasmussen, the subject of this sketch, began when she was about eleven years of age, through correspondence, in the interest of the famine children of India. A missionary spirit pervaded her letters, indicating that the spirit of God was moving on the heart of the child in behalf of the heathen. Later, at about fourteen years of age, Bertha came with her mother and brother to the Vanguard Missionary Training Home, St. Louis, Mo., and became an efficient typesetter, spending part of her time in school. She was a lovely Christian character and gave promise of great usefulness for God. A year later she went to McGee Holiness College, College Mound, Mo., and went home to glory from there. Her beautiful life can never cease to bear fruit unto God. We trust this "Memoir" will be the means of bringing many to Jesus.

VANGUARD OFFICE,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

ANNA ABRAMS.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

NOTHING is more helpful and inspiring than the life and testimony of those who in their early years, in childlike simplicity and sincerity, have fully given their hearts and lives to God.

Bertha's short life was full of loving service for Jesus. This service was the joy of her heart. She often talked not only of home mission work but of the foreign fields, and rejoiced in the thought of the privilege of leaving home, friends, and native land to give herself as a living sacrifice to help rescue the perishing.

Her mother is an evangelistic worker and home missionary who still lives, helped and inspired by the memory of her sainted daughter, to carry on the work that the daughter has laid down. We trust that this book will lead many young hearts to Jesus, and help many who are already His to fully consecrate their lives to His service.

We pray the blessing of God to rest on all who are permitted to read this book.

Yours in Christian love,

S. B. SHAW.

Chicago, Ill., Nov. 25, 1904.

A YOUNG MISSIONARY

THE subject of this narrative was born June 4, 1885. Impressions were made from her earliest existence that she would make a soldier of Jesus Christ, and even from the time of babyhood she suffered for Jesus' sake. Various instances come to my mind now, which I am obliged to keep from the public.

At six years of age she was soundly converted to God. She would read her little simple book explaining the Bible, and sing her little songs. She would sing and pray, and the Lord would come to her little heart in such melting power. She would weep and praise Jesus for His great salvation. Christian parents were always anxious to have her influence brought to bear upon their children.

When nine years old she was sanctified. She was raised in an ungodly neighborhood, and went to the district school, and came in contact with everything the devil and the world had to give, and did not always keep clear. One night she came home from school feeling very sorry, the enemy having gotten the victory, and wanted to get right with God, but felt she must confess to her mother before she could get clear, which she did, for she always felt that God was not pleased to have her keep anything from her mother. She would always say to any one who would tell her things that were not to be told, "I will not tell to any but my mother. I never keep anything from her." I believe she ever kept the victory after that.

We always prayed together over everything, and always got the victory. The sweetest recollections of my life are

the seasons I have spent with my dear children before the Throne of Grace in those years they were growing up around me.

Bertha's godly judgment and counsel were remarkable, and became a blessing to many and to her own brother, whom she helped to keep in the way when the enemy almost had the victory. The first time I remember was when small children going to school she had him go back to school and ask forgiveness for something he had said, and so kept him from backsliding, for all my children were saved when small. No wonder when she went to live with Jesus, he prayed that her spirit might rest upon him to keep him in the way.

As early as she could read her Bible, she took it for the man of her counsel. She kept the Sabbath day, and the other commandments, in which she put to shame many old Christians who made high professions. Many times she came to me with her Bible open to some promise that she thought would encourage her in her struggles of life.

She was a great burden-bearer, and stood by me from her infancy. She had great faith in God, and was indeed a wrestler, and many victories did she pray out. Before she was in her teens she got hold of God for my healing. While in secret prayer, God told her He would heal me. She came in and told me. We both knelt down, and God healed me. She believed all God said in His Word. She studied well the subjects of sanctification and divine healing. She took down many references, and her Bible was well marked. She was unselfish, and very thankful for the least God gave her to sustain life, and always had an encouraging word for everybody, always leading people to Jesus, always working for Him, either with individuals or crowds. During

camp-meetings she would get the children together, and have meetings with them, and lead them to God.

In 1897, when the great famine was in India, her heart was so burdened for those starving children that she took a little child to support. She earned money by selling religious papers, canvassing one way or another, and any small amount given her went into her treasury for the starving ones, until she sent ten dollars one year; then Jesus took the little child to heaven.

One day on coming home from canvassing she said she had been thinking about the child-widows of India. She felt so blest and thankful to God that she was not born there, and have to be married and suffer as they did. In the providence of God a letter has come to me that she wrote about this time. I will copy it as it came to this country in the *India Watchman*:—

Here is a letter for the *Watchman*, children, from a little girl who lives in the United States of America: "I am eleven years old. Jesus has saved me from sin. He is good to me, and I am going to serve Him. He gives me grace to do His will, and blesses me. When I hear about the starving people, I want to do something for them. I always pray for them and the missionaries. When I sit down to the table, I often think of the people in India, when I have plenty to eat, and I am very thankful for what the Lord gives me. I will send one dollar to give to the starving children. I wish I could send more, but I can not now. I believe the Lord has called me to be a missionary when I get large; and if He has, I will be one.

Yours in Christ,

BERTHA.

"South Dakota, U. S. A."

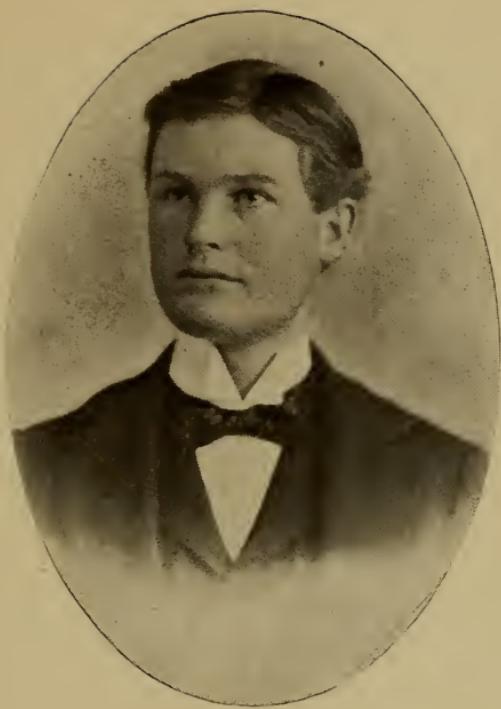
The two years between 1897-1899 were years of great sorrow, through which my health went down again. This dear angel, as I will call her (for she was a wayside angel,

lent to me for so short a time), was a great comfort to me during this period. She was twelve or thirteen years of age, what most people would call a child; but she was like a mother to me. She would carry our common sorrows and burdens to the Lord, and leave them there; at least she never mentioned any, but always wore a shining face and had an encouraging word or some promise out of the Bible. "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace," was one among her many mottoes.

My other daughter taught school, and was only at home Saturdays and Sundays, so my dear Bertha had to do all the waiting on me during my sickness. She slept in an adjoining room; but if I but spoke her name in a common tone, she would in that minute be at my side with her shining face. The only sleep I had for a long time was when she was on her knees by me with my hands in hers, praying for me. She never became an old missionary, but was truly a missionary the short time she was with us; and although she has ceased from her labors here, I have many proofs that her work still goes on. Amid all the sorrow and suffering, of which God alone knows, during those years, we had many refreshing times together in prayer to our heavenly Father and great Protector, who assured us of His approval and presence, and that He would never leave nor forsake us. Hallelujah to our God!

"O, the children of the Lord have a right to shout and sing,
For the way is growing bright, and our souls are on the wing."

Although our path may be full of thorns and briars to entangle, yet when we have the smiles of God, the way to heaven is in truth a delightful way. We find that Jesus did



CHARLES, BERTHA'S BROTHER.

not take all the glory with Him when He went to heaven, but left some all along the road for us to enjoy as we travel on. As the poet says,—

“He has trod the way before us
And His glory lingers near.”

Carrying the burdens of the home on her young heart, she did not fight with flesh and blood, but with the powers of darkness, with which we are surrounded. Her only weapon was prayer. I will just mention one time here among the many. She knew that something was coming. She went to the cornfield to talk to her Father in heaven, with whom she was so intimately acquainted, and who had heard her prayer so many times, and overturned things, and even now had all power in earth and heaven. She went out for secret prayer, and it was not long before we heard praises to God and shouts of victory go up from that cornfield a quarter of a mile away. That was a real hallowed place to her. It was where she met her heavenly Father so many times, and where she put on strength for the battles of life. She told me about that later.

God saw fit in His mercy to raise me up to health once more, and in the providence of God I went with my son to St. Louis, Missouri, and left Bertha with her sister, who was teaching, and in the care of her heavenly Father. Here is part of a letter she wrote to Miss Anna Abrams, editor of the *Vanguard*, St. Louis, a little while before I went there; and while I was yet sick:—

Miss Anna Abrams.

DEAR SISTER: Your letter was very encouraging, and mother felt real good for two or three days after she got it; but she gets so

nervous sometimes she can not rest nor sleep, and she desires you to pray for her. There are times she can rest quite well, and again she can not rest at all, and she is so weak she can not do anything. The Lord is very near her, and does hear our prayers, and she feels better for a while; then she seems as bad as ever.

I have a sister teaching school, and brother and myself go to school. Ma would like to see you, but she has not been able to go anywhere for a long time. I praise the Lord to-night for salvation. It is the best thing in the world. I do feel that the Lord saves and sanctifies me. It is so good to be saved, and know you are ready to live or die, and that your peace is made with God. Good-by for this time.

Your friend,

BERTHA.

Here is a letter written to her brother and myself after we went to St. Louis:—

DEAR MOTHER AND CHARLES: We were very glad to receive your letter. You got along so well on the way; and we are especially glad to hear that you had such a good birthday, and that you got healed. I feel to praise the Lord for doing so much for all of us. He has done a great deal for each of us, healing and sanctifying Charles, and healing you, mother; blessing and helping us all. I am glad you are both so well in body.

School is out a week from Friday. Won't it seem lonesome then? I get quite lonely sometimes without you, but I guess it doesn't hurt me. Bessie said, tell you that when you needed more money to say so.

There was a man around here taking orders for liquor. Isn't it awful? He was not here, but was all around. I heard since the Dakota boys have been down to Manila there have been two or three hundred saloons started; not a very good honor to America. [She always took an interest in prohibition, and influenced all she could to vote for it.]

You write often about me coming down there sometime. Do you really think I can? I would like to see you awfully well. I am still saved, sanctified, and on the way to heaven.

Your loving,

BERTHA.

There are several letters here which I refrain from putting in, except she says, "I would like to see you real well, but I want you to do what the Lord wishes." Also her testimony, which runs like this: "I am saved, sanctified, and the Lord blesses me. How I would like to see my brother Charles, the dear old boy."

MAY 5.

DEAR CHARLES AND MA: I am at Bessie's school to-day. Bessie was quite sick, and I was going to help her teach. I expect a letter from you folks to-night. We got to town last night too late for the mail.

Bessie writes, "Bertha is teaching for me now. You ought to see her. She would make a fine teacher. One thing sure, the scholars would have to know their lessons."

JUNE 2.

DEAR MA AND CHARLES: We went to church last night. Sister Booker was there.

JUNE 4.—It is my birthday to-day.

JUNE 5.—I got up early this morning, and worked steady all day. I sat down once or twice in the afternoon. The Lord wonderfully helped me, and although not extra well, I did not get very tired. The folks are going to have a supper to-night in honor of my birthday. Well, praise the Lord, He saves me from all sin, and I would sooner have Him than all the world.

JUNE 6.—Well, everything went off last night as well as could be expected. The people seemed to think they had a nice time. I got a number of nice presents. I am getting more interested in the Bible all the time. I believe the Lord is drawing me closer to Him. Praise His name! I do want to go to camp-meeting. Praise the Lord for salvation, which is the best thing in the world. I am quite lonesome this morning for Charles. I hope he is getting along all right.

Dearest mother, I am saved, sanctified, and on the road to heaven.
Praise the Lord.

BERTHA.

I must here refer back to a Miss E—, with whom she formed acquaintance at a tent-meeting previous to this, who also got saved at the meeting. Dear Bertha went to see her many times, and talked and prayed with her until she got really established on the Rock. In the same meeting there was also a young man who professed that he was saved, who paid considerable attention to this Miss E—; but he was not living the way a Christian should. Dear Bertha knowing this, informed Miss E—, and was the means of saving a Christian girl from among the many who are deceived, thinking they are marrying a Christian man, but only one who simply professed religion long enough to get married, but they find to their great astonishment they have been tied down to an ungodly man. Bertha wrote several letters to Miss E—, but it is now several years ago. I would be glad to give them to the readers, but do not know how to find them. Her work was always to help some one to Jesus, and to keep out of the snares of the enemy.

MY DEAREST MOTHER: I should like to see you very much, when I think how very kind and good you always were to me. When I go to prayer-meeting, I pray and testify. I try to live as I should. We are getting along very nicely. It seems as though the Lord has been nearer to me since you went away. It makes me think that He is so good to me to make up for your absence. I would like to see Charles awfully well, so would Bessie. I would like to do more for your comfort than I ever did before.

When I get lonesome I go out with Bessie to her school. I am saved and sanctified.

Your affectionate

BERTHA.

This dear child speaks of doing more for my comfort. I can not see where she could do more, for she was at my side night and day with a cheerful face and a willing heart, and never thought of her own comfort.

MY OWN DEAR BROTHER AND MOTHER: The last letter I wrote you was on Saturday. I took Bessie down to Teachers' Institute Monday. Monday evening we were over to Mr. H—'s a little while. On the road home we felt lonely for you. I came home alone Tuesday from Elkpoint with Pet and Nancy. B.

Elkpoint is thirty miles from where these two sisters stayed. They had to travel by team, as the railroad did not go direct, so they borrowed a fast team, and not altogether safe. This young girl, just fourteen years old, going with them thirty miles, shows what children can do when necessary, and trust in the Lord for protection.

She wrote for silk envelopes, so she could write to Bessie Sherman in India.

DEAR MOTHER: I guess A— is coming up to see me to-day. There is hardly a day but what we see each other.

I guess Bessie, Mrs. G— and her brother, A— and I, will go to camp-meeting. I will stop, and write in my journal, as it is almost ten o'clock, and I have to churn, bake, and do other things to-morrow, so good-night, but not good-by. I am still saved.

As ever yours,

BERTHA.

DEAREST BROTHER: I wish you could have been at the camp-meeting with us. It would have done you good. We got to the camp-ground about six or seven o'clock. A— and I did not go to church the first night, as she did not feel well.

Brother Ashcraft, from Illinois, was present. I understood he used to be a prize-fighter. He is a splendid preacher, the best God has ever permitted me to hear. One day when he was under con-

viction, he told his father he wanted to get saved, and started to meeting that afternoon. On the way he thought about a man he had nearly killed because he had insulted his father in his presence. He went to see them on his way to church, and prayed with them, and that man's wife got converted. Ashcraft was sanctified three days after he was saved, and in seven days he was in the pulpit. Camp-meeting was out on the fourth. I feel so good to-night; and as though I could run through a troop and leap over a wall. I feel quite often as though I could do anything for Jesus. O Lord, help me. By God's grace I will endeavor to do all His will. What if we do have a few trials here, heaven will be all the sweeter. I do believe I love Jesus more than anything else. I ought to. I must stop now, and read my Bible. I am saved, sanctified, and on my way to glory. Amen.

BERTHA.

She studied her Bible, and found there for herself the principles by which she formed her life. I have had to copy some of these letters from her journal.

DEAR MA AND CHARLES: We got a letter from you to-day, and were so glad to get it. I hope there will come a time some day, if the Lord wills, when we will be together once more.

I am to speak a piece at the missionary meeting to-morrow night.

I heard of the storm in Minnesota. The Lord has spared us so far. I hope He will keep you safe from storms. I can say the Lord saves, sanctifies, and satisfies me, and I am ready to meet Him Praise His name. I must stop, and read my Bible. I am glad that man didn't shoot you. Did you give him a tract? He needed one.

Your most loving, affectionate, but far-away sister.

She says in her journal:—

We received a letter from Charles, saying that his eyes were giving out setting type, and that he would come home soon for a rest. I hope his eyes will get no worse. God help him. If it be God's will for Charles to come home, I will be awfully glad.

The grove meeting will commence Friday night, if the Lord is willing. I am saved, sanctified, and satisfied with the way. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O glory! "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

DEAR MA: Charles came home Thursday, safe and sound. We were very glad to see him. He is working for Mr. D—. I have thought it would be very nice indeed to see you again soon. Charles spoke about me going down there. If I thought it was God's will, and He opened the way for me to go, I would be willing.

I am going to send "Traffic in Girls" to Miss —. She ran off with a man awhile ago. They telegraphed after her, and brought her home. I hope the book will do her good. Poor girls!

Much love to you from your affectionate daughter, BERTHA.

From her journal:—

I believe it is God's will that I should get a thorough education, and use it for His glory. I would gladly do so if it be His will, and He opens the way. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give you a crown of life." O glory! I mean to by God's grace.

Much love to you.

BERTHA.

DEAR MA: I guess Alice will go to the seminary this fall. Charles's eyes seem to be much better. He seems to expect me to go with him when he returns to the Missionary Home in St. Louis. The Lord only knows what will become of me. I am saved, sanctified, and real satisfied with the way. I believe I love Jesus more than anything else. I want to serve Him all the time. . . .

The darkest hour is just before the dawn. When you are in the dark, look not at the night, but for the dawn. BERTHA.

DEAR MA: I am going to tell you some of my thoughts. I believe it is God's will that I should get a thorough education, and use it for His glory. I will gladly do so if it be His will. I don't see where I would get that kind of an education, but if it is God's will, I know He will open the way. Praise His holy name. I would like to see you, and have one of our old-time talks.

I have started a book of my own, and have written four chapters. It is to be a temperance book.

What kind of a school have they down there in St. Louis? Is it anything like a high school? If it is, I would like well enough to go down there, if it be God's will, this winter. I would like very much if you would tell me what you think of all I have said. I would like to see you very much, but I want God's will, and His alone, to be done. Glory to His name! "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." O glory! I am all God's. I want more of Him. You always used to talk about your life being wasted, but I am sure it was not. I don't know what I would have done, if it were not for a Christian mother, and I know she was a Christian. I never expect you to come back here. I would like to see you awfully well, but I don't want you to again go through what you have. When I think about other girls, I can not but praise the Lord that I was brought up right. God's mercy has been so great. I am sure you are not against a good education. Take time some day, and sit down and write me a long letter. I would be glad to get it. I don't know whether I am called to be a missionary or not. Have you any idea where I could get a good education? Well, good-night, dear mother; leave yourself in Jesus' hand, as I used to tell you. I am ready to live or die, praise the Lord. Charles says he expects to come down there pretty soon, and bring all he can with him. I will send you a little poetry. It isn't very good.

To My Dear Mother.

'Tis a dismal autumn's evening,
And the clouds are gray as lead,
While the wind is softly blowing,
And the skies are dark o'erhead.

[I will take my pen and paper,
And to you a few lines write,
Of the future, of the present,
Of the day and of the night.]

I've been thinking of the winedrops
That have fallen in the rue;
O may God forever guide you,
Guard you through this world so blue.

Through its darkness and its sunshine,
Through its losses and its gains,
Through, O through this stormy warfare,
May He guide you to His home.

There to praise His name forever,
And adore His blessed face;
May I catch one glimpse of sunshine,
That shall bless that blessed race.

And while trials and temptations
May oppress your weary way;
Fight on, toil on, don't give over,
Don't give up, but *win* the day.

For there's victory awaiting
All who run this race safe home;
And bright stars that's everlasting
Shall adorn your blissful *crown*.

BERTHA.

“ O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!”

DEAR MA: Thank you for your letter. A—— is going to the Seminary. Charles is going back to St. Louis next month. I guess I will go too. You will have the pleasure of meeting two at the depot instead of one. I would like to see you awfully well. I think I will take a peep at you in about a month if I can. I don't know as I can get away, but I believe I ought to go down there. I have

prayed about it, and I feel impressed that I ought to go. I am sure I don't know what for, as I don't think I am called to be a foreign missionary. I have not given up my writing. I have felt lots of times I would sometime write something that would do the world good. I don't believe my life will be thrown away. I mean to do something for fallen humanity. I believe this is God's will concerning me. I have prayed about these things. I do not care in the least for worldly fame or honor, but I want to do something. The Lord has told me lots of things as plain as you could tell; that He would not promise me the honor of the world, or a great fame, but that I should do the world some good; and that last, but not least, I should have a glorious end, and be with Him forever. He has told me that several times. I thank you for getting the Bible. I hope you do not think I am shirking what I ought to do, and trying to do something else. Charles wants me to go down with him. I would like to go and stay while school lasted, and then come back and stay with Bessie next summer until school starts again. If the Lord wants me to come, He will open the way. Praise God, I would sooner part with everything than Jesus. O glory! I know God is my father and Jesus is my elder brother. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." BERTHA.

JOURNAL, Oct. 1899.—St. Louis life. Here I am in the grand city of St. Louis. O how I hated to leave Bessie and Alice.

MY DEAR AFFECTIONATE SISTER A—: When I left Beresford, I felt miserable until I got to Hawarden. I thought if I only could have you and Bessie with me about ten minutes, I would give almost anything. You have been just like a sister to me. We got off the train at Hawarden to sign some permit papers, and we changed cars at Alton, and went straight from there to Council Bluffs, where we changed again for Omaha. Charles was quite nervous at first. All I had to do was to keep up with him. I love traveling. Perhaps you can imagine the conductor coming into our car and saying, "Change cars for Omaha." We rush out, me following Charles, and doing my best to keep up with him. We walk along until we come to a policeman. Charles rushes up to him, saying, "Which car

for Omaha?" He says, "Straight ahead." We go into a kind of a building where the cars are, and get helped by a negro, who is the porter, into a dusty-looking car. Well, we started, and soon came to the Missouri River, and crossed it. The train stopped when we were half way over it, I don't know why, but we got across it all right. It was just beautiful. We could see the fair grounds from there, and it was all lighted up, and you could see a long way from Omaha. We got there about 11:30 P. M. We entered the finest depot I ever saw. I had not seen St. Louis then. It was not our depot, so we couldn't stay there. We struck out to find a hotel. We went up-stairs and between some beautiful pillars, and looked out over the city. A darkey from the depot came up, and said he would take us to the hotel. It was only a little way, so he took some of the things I was carrying, and took us where we stayed all night. We got a double room, and had our door locked. There were doors we could shut so it would make two rooms, so we got along all right. We got up next morning, had our breakfast, went to the depot, and waited until 3:00 P. M. After we got on the train, we did not have to change any more. We were in a chair car. We could let the seats back so it would be almost like a bed. They are just fine. We traveled all night. I was asleep when we went through Kansas City and Jefferson City. We arrived at St. Louis in the morning. Ma was at the depot. I unpacked my trunk in the forenoon, and in the afternoon we went down-town to buy a wedding present for Bessie. We went into a store where they elevate people up to different stories where they have different departments. In the elevator you go right through the air. You feel like your head would come off when they stop. Yesterday we went down to the depot. Oh, it is just lovely. I heard it covered one block. You can see all over the city from the tower. They say it is the finest in the world. The people here are very friendly. I am still saved, just the same girl I used to be. I got Anna Sherman and Ethel Ward's pictures. I must close.

Your true affectionate 'sister,

BERTHA.

P. S.—People may think it funny that I call you sister. I do it because we have been just like sisters.

DEAR B— AND J—: Well, how are you? Yesterday I set some type. I did it quite well, to my own notion. Prayer-bell has now rung, and I must go. I have just been up setting type. You can hear the trains here all the time. We had a street-meeting last night. We went out again to-night to have one. I am saved and sanctified. Wishing you all the blessing God has, I remain,

Your affectionate sister,

BERTHA.

DEAR SISTER A—: I have been setting type. Sisters M— and L— expect to go to India this fall. This is an awful busy place.

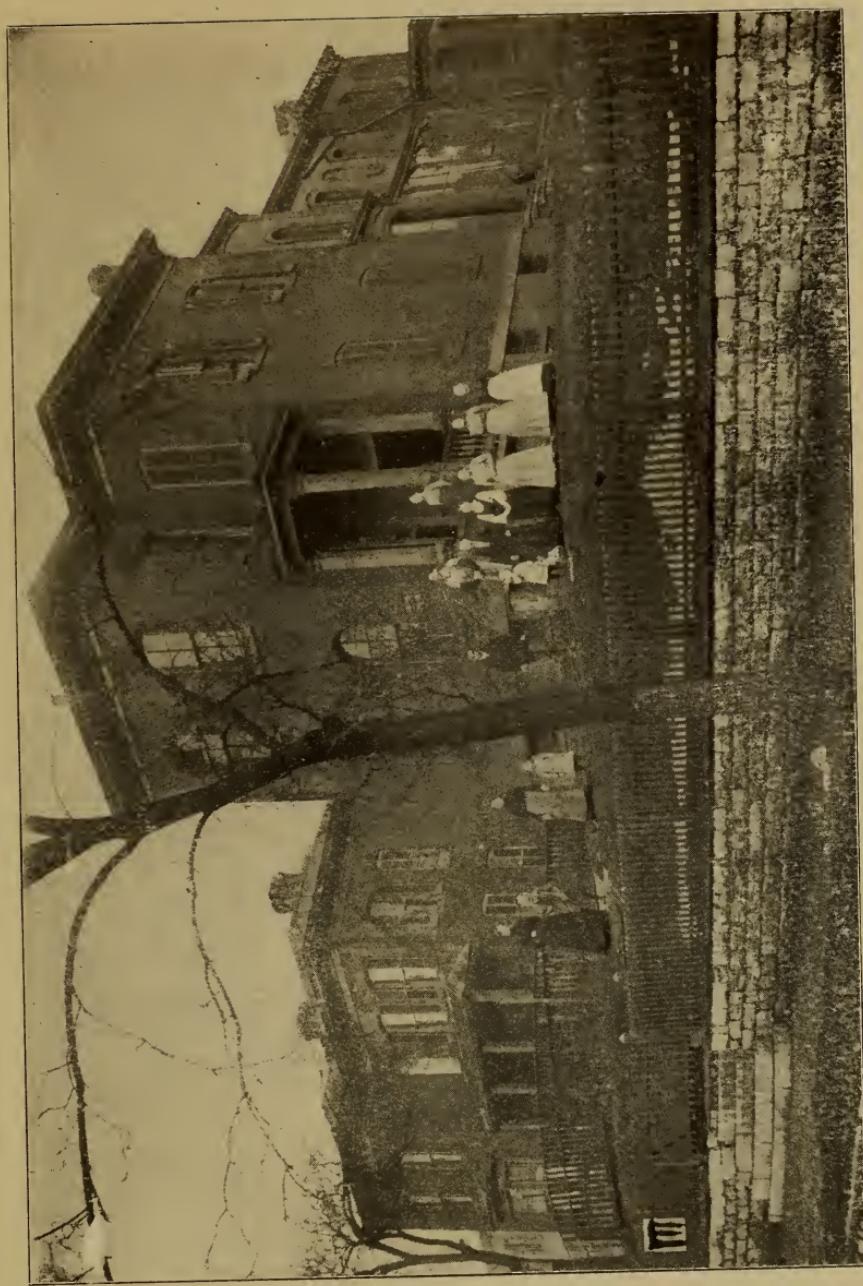
“ When the golden sun is setting,
And your mind from study’s free,
In your wandering thoughts, dear Alice,
Will you deign to think of me?”

I have set type since eight o’clock. It is almost twelve now. I just love Sunnyside, because it was there we got acquainted and played together, and learned to love and trust each other. I do not believe I could love a sister better than I do you. Words can not express the happiness I have had in your company. It makes me homesick as I look back over those days, but I expect to see you next summer. I think I will go to a mission to-night.

Well, Alice, it is now Monday morning. Charles, ma, and I and several of the girls here went to the Mission Saturday night. We had such a nice walk. The streets were all light, and cable street-cars running almost everywhere. Oh, it was such a pretty sight to see the city at night. How I wish you could have been along. It was quite a distance from here, so we had a fine walk. You have to be careful in a large city, or you will be run over with cars. Yesterday we had a missionary meeting at the Mission. While coming home we saw a fine carriage, and a coachman all in uniform like a policeman, and inside the carriage was a bridal party. Just a little after came a hearse in charge of a man in uniform. I thought what a different picture. The city of St. Louis is beautiful in some places. I am still saved.

Your true and affectionate sister,

BERTHA.



THE VANGUARD MISSIONARY TRAINING HOME, ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR B—— AND J——: It is snowing now, the first we have had. It does look so pretty. Ma and I went to the Mission Monday night, and as ma was tired, we took a street-car. It was the first time I was ever in one.

Yesterday instead of having grammar and physiology we went down town to a store, where they have a skeleton, to examine it. Oh, we had such a fine time. Charles and I and some other boys and girls went through the depot and out into the city. The skeleton was on Olive and Twelfth Streets. We passed the City Hall. The Hall and lawn covers a block. All the way along things were so pretty. At last we got there, and looked at it awhile, and started home. On our way we went to see the Four Courts, where they try and condemn prisoners. We saw through a door where the prison cells were, where they march in, where they stood, and where the judge stood. We also went to the morgue, where they put dead people whom they don't know. They have them there a long time. If people commit suicide or get murdered, that is where they put them until some one comes and claims them. There was only one man there. He was not a bad-looking man, and looked as if he had been drowned. He was covered with blankets and his clothes lay beside him. I looked at him quite a while, and it made me think of —. It made such an impression on me, I almost wish I had not gone in.

Your sister,

BERTHA.

JOURNAL.—I am saved and sanctified. Well, Sister M—— and L—— are on their way to New York. They will sail from there Nov. 15. Last Sunday several others and myself went to hold a street meeting. Sister — took us to a street where there were saloons and houses of ill-fame all around. We first knelt, and asked God to bless and save them. When meeting was over, we passed around tracts to the girls in their windows. We passed tracts on the way home. We had such a good time.

I guess Charles and I will go to the river to-morrow. I have been setting type four hours, excepting ten minutes. I am just waiting for ma and Charles to go to the Mission with me. The Home got some letters a short time ago telling of a fearful landslide in

India, and about Brother and Sister — and six children being killed. O how they must have felt! but they have just gone before. I believe my work is in the United States for a while yet anyway. The Lord pardons all my sins, and His blood cleanses my heart, and I am on the road to glory. To-day has been a busy one, but I am not very tired. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Hallelujah to Jesus.

Nov. 13, 1899.—Glory to the Almighty God this morning, who saves, sanctifies, and satisfies. Yesterday morning we had a good sermon. In the afternoon we girls and two brothers went to the Mission, and had a good holiness meeting. On our way home we stopped and had a street meeting. Last night ma, myself, and another girl were at the Mission. Had quite a good sermon. A funeral procession passed here a while ago. I counted forty-seven carriages besides the hearse and a few common buggies. Some soul had been called to stand before God to give an account of his works, whether good or evil.

Nov. 15.—I am saved, and on my way to heaven. I put all my trust in Jesus. We were all at the Mission last night. Praise God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Dear Bertha, under all circumstances, was working and praying for the salvation of souls. She says of some, "My heart cries to God, Oh, save them before it is too late. You know whether you can or not. Oh, if they were only ready to meet Thee. Oh may God save them in the end, if He can."

Nov. 19, 1899.—Well, we were at the river yesterday afternoon. We took the street-cars. When we came to the bridge, we saw the river and some nice boats on it. It was not a very bright day, but we had a very good time, and I got the long-wished pleasure of seeing the longest river in the world. Ma went on across the bridge to East St. Louis, Ill., where she will stay a couple of days with

some friends. Charles and I walked home, so we could see more. On our way Charles related a story of a young man who stood on top of the cars while it went under the bridge, and was hurled down under the car wheels. His head was severed from his body, his hands cut off, and he was a corpse. Oh, how quickly God can sweep us out of existence. It is of great importance that we do all in our power for lost souls. Oh, God help us to do our duty, so that when we stand before the Judge of quick and dead, we may be able to say their blood is not upon us.

A girl here in the Home was gloriously sanctified last night. She was in our room. We had such a wonderful time. She fell, and lay for three hours, but came to, praising God. We do have good times here. I got so blest last night.

DEAR ALICE: We may have dark days in our lives, but let our lives be firm and true to all our aims and duties. I do not know what our future will be, or anything about it. God is His own designer, and He will make it plain. I hope that as we part, it will not be forever. If we do not meet on earth, O may we meet in heaven.

Your own true friend,

BERTHA.

DEAR A——: I got your welcome letter this morning. A thief stole Charles's coat and mackintosh. For awhile I had quite a fever. Ma and I prayed, and I rested well the rest of the night. I got up about ten o'clock this morning. I went to the store for some things, and had a nice walk. One day another girl and I were down on Hickory Street to see a sick woman. Last Sunday about ten of the workers had a street meeting on Chouteau Avenue. Sister S—— and I have just been down to see that woman on Hickory Street. When we were on the bridge coming back, we saw the colored children coming from school. Such a host of them! One girl fell down on the track, and the street-car was coming full blast. She scampered off just in time. The car stopped, and they picked her things up, but she had a narrow escape.

I have not worked in the office to-day, or done anything. I am going to the poor-house with Sister W—— to sing. Sister L—— and I went to the City Hospital. We took two Bibles each, and

went to the Woman's Ward. I went and talked to one. She said she was an orphan, and had earned her own living ever since she was ten years old. She was now twenty-one. Her only brother was killed on the railroad three years ago, so she is left without friends or home. She had lived in Chicago, and had just come to St. Louis. She was robbed by a man a few days ago on her way home from her work. After taking her wages, he had kicked her so she fainted and was found unconscious. I heard a bell toll. She said, "It makes me shiver every time I hear that bell." "Why," I asked. She said, "They are carrying an inmate to the dead-house when they ring that bell." It tolled twice while I was talking with her, and that was not over thirty minutes. She said about twenty died each day. O, how awful! in one hospital alone! and no one knows how many are not prepared. She told me that every one in the ward had friends come to see them but her, and that it nearly broke her heart. Poor girl, I told her that God loved her, and that she was my sister. She cried. I spoke a few words of sympathy and love, gave her a Bible, and a *Vanguard*, then shook hands, and kissed her good-by. I don't expect to meet her on earth again, but hope to in heaven. She pressed my hand, and begged me to come again. I warned her of deceivers in trying to find work. She expects to leave the hospital in a few days without a cent, no place to go, no friends and no home. How many are even worse than this one! I talked to some others. We then went down where they hold meeting, but it had just broke up, so we stood at the door and gave out tracts. We then started for home; went into three saloons, and handed out tracts. I do love to do something for some one else. It is a very nice day, and everything looks so bright, even the future itself.

I just got that Christmas card from you, dearest A——. I will now tell you what Sister L—— and I did yesterday. She had some Bibles to take to the poor-house, and wanted me to go with her; so after dinner we started. We took the car, and after a little passed Shaw's Garden. It is like a park, and we saw some pretty things. The conductor came and showed us the hospital, crematory, and insane asylum. We soon stopped at the poor-house, and a girl took us through, and we gave out our Bibles and tracts. After

doing all we thought we could in the poor-house, we walked up to the hospital, and looking down the crematory we saw they were cremating a body, and desiring to see, we entered the place where the minister was preaching. There were carriages and coachmen waiting outside. The preacher was preaching, a boy was at the organ, and there was what looked like a very large casket with some very pretty flowers on it. All this time we were wondering where they were burning the man. He had been in the casket, but we learned that he was cremated right under where the man stood while preaching. We went down-stairs and saw that the ashes were put in jars, and there were friends down there weeping over one jar, so we supposed the ashes of this one were in that one. These jars were kept locked in vaults about a foot square in the walls. Cremating seems awful to me now since I saw the building. We went to the insane asylum, but could not get in that day, so we started for home. We went into one saloon on our way. Well, dear, I wish you God's richest blessing. Good-by. I am still saved. Glory to Jesus.

Yours, BERTHA.

JOURNAL.— To-day is Thanksgiving day, and I have a great deal to thank the Lord for. Hallelujah!

DEC. 13.— It has been some time since I wrote in my journal, and a great many things have happened. I was sick the week of Thanksgiving, but God healed me and set me going. Praise His dear name.

Several of us went to the Four Courts last Sunday to meeting. I saw one girl sitting at the door of her cell, and during the singing she cried. I pitied her so. She looked so young, I think not more than seventeen or eighteen years old. I looked at her almost more than at the preacher. They had guards stationed all around, and just as soon as the service was over we had to leave. Then some of us went to the mission, the rest to the river distributing tracts. I saw, for the first time in my life, a steamer come to shore and anchor. We got home about dark.

One of the girls went away last night. Before she went, we were in her room, and prayed together. We had a good time. I can testify to the saving, cleansing power just now. I know the blood of Jesus cleanses me from all sin. Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Praise God, Amen. I have a sure title to a mansion in the skies to-night, and God is my Father and Jesus is my elder brother.

DEC. 15.—To-day has been a busy day, but God has been with us. Praise His name. It is quite cold now, which makes it disagreeable to write in a cold room. Praise God for a full and free salvation. The devil would try to afflict a person one way or another, but I believe God will keep me healed from everything if I keep my trust in Him. Praise Jesus I know He saves and cleanses me. Amen. Hallelujah to God. I am Thine, O Lord. Amen to our God, who has all power in heaven and earth.

DEC 17.—Thank God for a nice sunny day. Sister A—— and I went to visit a sister yesterday, and on our way home we visited a poor wash-woman. She said she thought two or three of her oldest children could come to Sunday-school. I will go after them next Sunday, if all is well. She had been married twice, but her second husband was so bad to her and the children that she told him to go. She has five children. She has had to fight it out ever since. How many ruin their lives by marrying reckless men. We prayed with her, then left. God has helped me to do some good by going after Sunday-school children. I thank Him for the opportunity. I praise God for full salvation through the blood of Jesus. Hallelujah to God forever and ever, for His mercy endureth forever.

The other day when we were at the hospital I saw and talked with a woman who had dropsy. I fear she was near death's door. We gave out tracts and Bibles. Talked to a couple of fallen girls, and went home with the prayer on my heart, "O God, bless and help all the homeless all over the world who know not of the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." When I look at others, I feel very grateful for all God has done for me. O glory to God forever and ever.

DEC. 26.— Well, Christmas has come and gone,— the day we keep in memory of the blessed Jesus who died to save us from all sin. I am glad I can testify to the saving grace of God.

Yesterday a band of ten workers, Charles and myself included got up at 3:30 A. M., and as is their custom, went around singing Christmas songs for some of their friends and others before they are out of bed. We started in silent procession, two by two, to Mr —'s, a man who gave the money for two turkeys.

I will tell a little incident of God's remembrance of us. A woman sent a dollar to be used for our Christmas dinner, but as we had the other two dollars that was not to be used for anything else, we took a vote, and decided it should go towards renting a hall for meetings. Well, that same afternoon three girls came, not knowing anything about the Home, with a whole lot of things, as they said, to go with Mr. —'s turkeys. So you see we got more than our dollar back. To go on with my story, we moved quietly along until we came to — Street, turned east, then went just a little way to his house. The night-watch saw us, and after following us a few feet, asked us if we were going to storm them. We told him we were just going to sing some for them, as it was Christmas morning. He laughed, and told us where to stand so they could best hear us. He said, "It would be a joke if they would not hear us," and passed on. We started "Joy to the world, the Lord has come," and in a little while we saw a light in their room, and they opened the window, and said, "Merry Christmas." We sang two more songs repeated the one hundredth Psalm, and then left. When we came to S— Avenue, we sang "Joy to the World" again. Then went home, and dropped Sister — out of the band. The rest of us went on, and sang at two more places before returning. We had walked a good deal, but had a nice time.

DEC. 31.— This hour finds us on the verge of a new year; not only a new year, but a new century. As we look back over the past years, we are made to say in amazement and thankfulness, "What hath God wrought."

We will but take a look into the past century. The first wonderful event we will mention took place between 1860-1865. Around

1860 it seemed as if the grand God-favored nation, United States, would be rent and go into the ground. They were on the verge of a terrible Civil War. The Southerners were set on having slaves and carrying the nation their own way. When Lincoln and his faithful followers objected, they seceded from the Union. Then followed that bloody war which called for many a mother's boy to give his life for his country. On the bloody fields of Bull Run many a son, husband, and father lay gasping for breath, but I will not dwell on this awful scene longer. Suffice it to say that God, whose hand of mercy and forbearance has been over our nation, delivered the slaves, re-united the States, and set us on the road to prosperity. O, how much our people ought to praise God, and how zealous they should live before Him; but so few do it. It seems to me that God has favored us more than any other nation. Why all this patience? and why are we not like the heathen? It is because twenty centuries ago, in the city of David, a Saviour was born. He died to save us from our sins.

Coming further down the table of time, we come to our war with Spain. She was persecuting the Cubans, who were earnestly contending and fighting for their liberty. The United States, seeing the awful suffering, fought for and freed Cuba. I don't know whether they fought for their own glory or not, but Jesus commands us to help our brother, if he is in need, and to bear one another's burdens.

I mean, by God's grace assisting me, to start on this new year and century all for Him. I feel I have a work to do for Jesus. I have told Him I would go through fire and blood for Him, and I mean to be true. Looking back over the past year, I can see where God has wonderfully changed things, and where other events have taken place. Last year about this time ma was so sick and weighed down she could hardly live; now she is well and strong and where she can work for God, and out of the jaws of Satan, who thought he had her sure. Charles has also been healed by God of an almost incurable affliction. God has, in His infinite wisdom, placed me where I can get Bible knowledge.

My sister is here visiting me, and we went out to Shaw's garden to-day. As we walked along I could not but remark how nice the residences were, and how fresh and pure the air. The scenery was

surely beautiful. What a beautiful world we live in, if only the great curse of sin was swept away. After we entered the garden, we passed from house to house looking at the beautiful plants. At last we climbed up a winding stair to a small tower, and there we scratched our names on the brick with a hairpin, the only serviceable thing we had with us. We spent a very pleasant afternoon.

Praise Jesus. I belong to Him. Although this world is stained with sin, bless God I expect to see one that is not. God has promised it, if I will but be true; and I expect to, God's grace helping me.

JAN. 7.—To-day is a dark day, but I am glad I have sunshine in my soul.

Before the light I am sitting,
Ere long I'll be at rest,—
Rest in my cot by the window.
To rest! Ah, rest indeed! It is
At God's own throne to bow.
Rest for the weak and weary,
Often rest the soul as well.
Shall we be true to 'r calling?
Or false to God to prove?
Shall we, though pressed and weary,
To the tempter's offers bow?
Ah, no; we can't afford that;
Let's up, and work for God.
For God has surely promised
A great reward to all
Who, though tempted and afflicted,
Endureth to the end.

“Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven.”

JAN. 1900.—Bessie, Charles, and I just returned from the Four Courts, where Mother Wheaton talked to the prisoners. Her talk got hold of them. She sang part of the time. Every once in a

while during her talk some of them broke down and cried. How much we have to praise God for. It is only through His love and mercy that we are out of prison.

JAN. 9.—Last night we had a wonderful meeting at the Mission. Mother Wheaton preached. The Lord did help her so. It was glorious.

I will go back to some of her letters. The following is a letter to her dear friend Alice:—

DEAR ALICE: Remember we used to go to church together all the time. Dear Alice, give your heart to God, and let Him lead and direct you, and I believe your life will be a great success.

All my powers and intellect,
Lord, I consecrate to Thee;
I am all for use or service,
Certain, Lord, I belong to Thee.
Evermore my life shall be,
Ever, only, all for Thee.

(There is a puzzle in that verse.)

“ Oh learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckoned thee His road.”

Prepare to meet thy God. “ My grace is sufficient for thee.”

BERTHA.

DEAR BROTHER: In answer to the question as to what I thought I had to do, I can not tell you, for I do not know myself. I feel as if God had some place for me, and was fitting me for it, but I have no conception as yet as to what my work will be. I hardly think it will be a foreign missionary, but only God knows. I am willing to be anything, and God will tell me in His own good time.

I am so glad that you are pressing after holiness. I shall continue to pray for you. Hold on until you get it. Do not give up your grip. Study your Bible and pray much. I was glad to hear that —— got saved. I have a through ticket to the pearly gate, and a title clear to a mansion. Hallelujah.

BERTHA.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I guess Mother Wheaton and I will visit saloons this afternoon. I have salvation. Hallelujah to God, who never lost a battle, and who has promised to fight ours. Amen.

If God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son to die for us (John 3:16), we ought to love our own souls and God and His cause enough to have His blood applied to our hearts, had we not? I am praying continually for you, and I believe that God, according to His abundant and precious promises, is going to answer prayer. We can not afford to live beneath the privilege of the gospel. You will never realize until afterward how much time you have wasted when you might have been growing in grace.

I do thank God that He ever brought us here. I see His loving hand in it all. I have received so much good by coming here, but I believe the same loving hand is going to draw us somewhere else. Who would not love such a Father? If we follow God we may be sure we will never make a failure.

When I am setting type, my mind often wanders back to the scenes of my childhood. I am in the pressroom writing while the others are eating breakfast. I tell you I thank God with all my heart that He has given me a Christian mother, one who has daily communion with God. I take her convictions for a good deal.

We do want to go to school where we can get the most and accomplish the most for God. Praise God for a full and free salvation that saves even me.

The office bell is ringing, and I must go. I hope soon to hear that you are cleansed from inbred sin. "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you." 2 Cor. 13:11.

Your sister,

BERTHA.

DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER: O, how God answers prayer. We are holding on to God for you both. Rush in, and get all there is for you. We will send you some references on sanctification.

When Charles went to send the trunk, on the road coming back, in all the mud, and wheeling the cart, he thought he had gotten on First Street, that I have told you about, and he got so scared. He prayed like everything. I don't know what he would do sometimes if he could not pray. He gets such scares sometimes. But Jesus is ever with us, and He is a friend in need.

Sister S—— came home to-night. I have not seen her yet, but before she came to the house I heard her say "Amen." I like to hear her say Amen, as she puts so much life and spirit in it. I have a through ticket to Heaven, Hallelujah! Good enough for any one.

My childhood's days often come to mind, and I think how God's hand was over us and guarded us from danger when we were alone. I have not forgotten those loved ones I used to spend such pleasant hours with, and with whom I went through hours of danger, trials, and grief. Those faces I learned to love so dearly will not fade from my mind very soon. God bless you, dear ones; and whether I be present or absent, remember the Lord. He is near, and oh, how He loves you. He came into this cruel world, bled and died upon the cross, and tasted death for every man, that we might have eternal life; and He is interceding at the right hand of God for us. O what love, what kindness, all for such weak worms as we are; and will we continue to drive the nails harder and harder into those blessed hands, and the spear into the heart of our blessed Redeemer, by refusing His offered mercy? Should we not love Him and do His commandments? Jesus can get along without our service, but we can not get along without Him. Think what it would mean to us if we were deprived of the Bible, or of the privilege of prayer one day. Jesus says, "If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." One of those commands is, "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Hallelujah! I expect to see you out where you will be winning bright stars for your crown. Thank God for His goodness, and press on for more.

God is wisdom, God is our might,
God ever near us, guiding us right.
He understands, knows all we need;
Trusting in Him, we'll surely succeed.

I am His, to give my life for the lost of earth, and to win a home
in a land where parting is never known. This is a vale of tears, but
the darkest hours are just before the dawn. Hallelujah to God,
who never lost a battle.

BERTHA.

DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER: We are very busy on the paper. To-
day is Washington's birthday. Thank God he ever was born. Where
would we be if he had not been born. Perhaps God would have
stirred up some other man.

We all feel that it is the Lord's will for us to leave, and go
where Charles and I can get an education in a Christian school. I
expect it will be College Mound. You know that this is a mission-
ary home, and that work keeps us so busy that we have but little
time to study. The Lord has said in Ex. 14:14, "The Lord shall
fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." We are taking that
for our verse day by day as we watch, wait, and pray.

To-night reminds us of the night we bade farewell to Bessie and
Mother Wheaton at the depot.

"The hills are dearest which our childish feet
Have climbed the earliest, and the streams most sweet
Are ever those at which our young lips drank—
Stooped to their waters o'er the grassy bank.

"When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there.

"She mingled with the gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light."

How thankful I am to God for good health. How thankful you ought to be. It makes me more and more thankful when I see little Pearl on the border of her grave. We all had somewhat of a scare this morning, as it was announced that she was dying. They hurried for her sister. We dropped to our knees in the office, those in the kitchen did the same, and others were praying with her. After prayers we went over, part at a time, to take the last look, as we supposed, of the precious one which had so shortly budded, and to all appearances would blossom in heaven. As I looked on her fair face with its deathlike blue lips, staring eyes, wasted form, and quick breathing, I thought, in a few moments she will have joined the realms of holy angels above, who never cease to sing the praises of the Lamb, slain from the foundation of the world for us. We have continued to pray for Pearl, and if she is not healed, it will be because God, in His infinite wisdom and love, saw fit to take her out of this cold world to realms of peace above, where there is no pain nor sickness. It is a comfort to know she is well cared for. It is important that we should be ready to meet God.

Now, my precious ones, with all the light and privilege you have, meet the requirements of God, and be ready to meet Him. He has said He will come as a thief in the night. I would not rest a moment without my sky clear. Oh loved ones, throw yourselves out on God. He will take care of you. You can expect persecution, but what will that amount to in the judgment, if, with Paul, we can say when we come down to the river of death, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day." Jesus says, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven." It says in Rev. 2:10, "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." "My grace is sufficient for thee." Well,

I am going through by God's help. I am earnestly praying that God will have His way in your life.

Your sister, belonging to God,

BERTHA.

In a letter to her sister she tells about a policeman having called on Sister Sherman, Superintendent of the Missionary Home; how among other things he told her that there were seventy thousand recognized fallen women, and about ten thousand (I believe it was) who lived in mansions and dressed in silks. And when they had lived that life a certain length of time, about nine tenths of them would commit suicide, and this policeman and another had to carry them out and bury them at night.

He said it was like hell to go into such places. Women who have worked rescuing these girls have told me that they only live five years after commencing that life. You say, perhaps, "Why are those girls there?" Well, so far as I have learned, it is the cursed intemperance, the liquor traffic. If we had no saloons, we would have no brothels.

They have what is called procurers. These procurers pass themselves off as traveling men. They stop at the finest hotels, and when they see nice young girls, after becoming acquainted, they will propose marriage. Often they will even have a mock ceremony. Many times they will not have anything, but just go away together. The poor ignorant girl will be delighted because she is not going to work out by the week any more, but is going to live in a palace and have a good time; but lo, and behold! at the end of the journey she is taken to such a hell upon earth, and that is the last of that happy prospect. An incident like

this came under the observation of friends in a town not far from here, but a dispatch was sent after them immediately, and the girl brought back to her parents.

Also girls will come to a city looking for work, and go to a restaurant for something to eat. The procurers are around watching for their prey. If the girl will not go with them, they will give the waiter a sign, and he will put something in her lunch to stupefy or intoxicate her so she can easily be taken wherever he wishes.

I just read in a Christian paper about a young girl who was traveling, and was waiting in the depot for her train, when a highly dressed lady came in and began to talk to her about her train, and said that she herself wanted to go, but there was no five o'clock train going out that night, and that she could go home with her until the next day. Before this lady came in one of their men (a procurer) had been talking to the girl, but her brother had warned her before she left home against men in the cities. The girl said that just then a lady who wore a white ribbon came in, and told her not to go with this other woman, who had already gone to send for a carriage for her; and they had the police forbid the driver to take the girl. I have read of many such cases, but have no room for more here.

I was in Omaha just a few months ago, where I became acquainted with a dear old lady who had worked at rescuing these dear girls from that awful life for many years. I, not knowing how things were, asked among other things, "Why don't these girls run away from there?" "Oh," she said, "they are kept in, and not allowed on the street until they are so far gone that they can be trusted not to run away."

I will relate an instance here about a young man who went to visit these places. He said he saw there a young girl who begged him to take her out, but he could not do it. She went up-stairs, took some poison, and killed herself. He told this to the one who told me, so I am sure of its truthfulness.

STONE THE WOMAN.

“ Stone the woman — let the man go free !
Draw back your skirts lest they perchance
May touch her garments as she passes ;
But to him put forth a willing hand
To clasp with his that led her to destruction
And disgrace. Shut up from her the sacred
Ways of toil, that she no more may win an
Honest meal ; but ope to him all honorable
Paths, where he may win distinction.
Give him fair pressed down measures of
Life’s sweetest joys. Pass her, O maiden,
With a pure, proud face, if she puts out
A poor, polluted palm ; but lay thy hand in
His on bridal day, and swear to cling to him
With wifely love and tender reverence ;
Trust him who led a sister woman
To a fearful fate.

Yes, stone the woman — let the man go free !
Let one soul suffer for the guilt of two,
Is the doctrine of a hurried world,
Too out of breath for holding balances
Where nice distinctions and injustices
Are calmly weighed. But, ah, how will it be
On that strange day of fire and flame,
When man shall stand before the one true

Judge? Shall sex make then a difference in Sin? Shall He the Searcher of the hidden Heart, in His eternal and divine decree, Condemn the woman and forgive the man?"

MY PRECIOUS BROTHER AND SISTER: I just came down from the office. I hear that Brother — is going to preach at the Mission ten days. Yesterday D — and I had a nice walk before Sunday-school giving out tracts. In the afternoon we took tracts and went on another long walk. We visited some places, too. We had a very good time. We went until we were so tired we had to come home. Charles and the rest of the boys went out, too, but not with us. We saw them going under a bridge as we went over it. They sang a song for the Chinese, they said.

I am glad I am saved, praise God. Let God have His way in your life. Your lives will be worse than failures if you do not. Why do you hold back so when the loving Saviour stands with outstretched arms waiting to supply every need, and perfect that which is lacking in your faith? When we come up to the judgment bar of God, we can not say, I did not have the light on it. God has, in His mercy, permitted us to be born in a land of Bibles, where we can get light. You know the light. If we were sure of a long life, which we are not, we would need every moment of it to improve our talents and be ready to meet Jesus. "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh." "Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord."

We are in the last times, according to prophecies, and have no time to waste. The prophecies concerning the Jews returning to Jerusalem before the end of time is being fulfilled, and many are returning.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." The world hated Jesus without cause, and why should they not hate us? "Be not afraid, for I am with thee." With such promises we ought to venture out. "Let God be true, but every man a liar." Also that heaven and earth shall pass, but not one jot or one title of the law shall fail. You know what it says about holiness. "Eye hath not

seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." Search the Scriptures. They will tell you, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, all you need to know.

I am determined to go all the way with Jesus. "But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." God is my Father, hallelujah to His almighty name. I am yours, bound for glory. I am expecting you to get out where you can work for souls more. I am praying, and God will do His part.

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER: I am going to tell you something about your health. It is very injurious to wear corsets, and all the clothing should hang from the shoulders. When we see and hear what others have had to learn by experience, and some of them very sad ones, why can not we take counsel, and not destroy the temple of the Holy Ghost, and avoid all the misery these things bring? Clothing should never be so tight but that the lungs and chest can have full play, and so that the floating ribs can move freely while breathing. You should be able to take a real deep breath with ease, and feel free and not penned up. I like to see a woman look free and natural instead of being all cramped up in a cruel corset, and I think most every one with good taste does, too. I write this in love for you.

Thank you very much for that dollar. We gave fifty cents of it to the starving children, and we had \$1.50 or more handed to us a short time after. It pays to give to the Lord. It reads, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord." Bless God for free salvation. God bless you, and the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.

Your ever true and faithful sister, striving to help poor souls,
BERTHA.

DEAR ALICE: I belong to Jesus, soul and body, and I keep praying for you. There was a man saved in our watch-night meetings At twelve o'clock all the whistles in St. Louis and East St. Louis

blew, and it was an awful racket. Yesterday my sister and I went to see a poor woman living in a basement. She was very glad to see us, and we had an interesting time.

I wish you were here so you could take a walk over the Choteau Bridge. Trains go under there. Do you remember how I used to wish I were down here to walk over it with Charles? Well, I have that wish now.

A man from Alaska is to preach to-night. What a busy town this is. It is hustle and bustle wherever you go, and it is an awfully sinful place. Some places in this city seem to be very near hell's door, especially on First Street, where we distribute tracts. I never knew anything of the sin in the world when I was up there compared to this, and it would be hard for any one who was not used to a large city, or at least been in one, to have much conception of the place. We live on Twenty-third Street, in a quiet and respectable part, as far as it goes. We never get molested here, only when a thief comes along, and they generally go away quietly. Of course there are saloons close by, but they are on almost every corner, and most of the groceries keep liquor. When we go to the Mission at night, we pass what they call fashionable saloons, and fine carriages waiting outside, and fast piano music inside, beside all the devilment it can hold. I would then think of some of the things I had read. I am glad I read "Traffic in Girls" before coming here. O, these are awful hell-holes, but I suppose all large cities are the same. I would not trust myself alone on the street after dark, and not very far in the daytime. I have not been what they call down-town more than twice, but there are things to be seen near at home. That terrible cyclone that swept away parts of St. Louis not far from the Missionary Home, did not hurt the Home. You can see some of the ruins yet, not built up.

When people set type, their minds can wander over the world and back, and they can be setting right along.

Now prepare to meet thy God. Jesus said, "Now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." He hasn't promised us any to-morrow. Give your heart to God. Last night we had a glorious time at the Mission. People fell, danced, and shouted all over the hall. The preacher jumped steady for quite a while. O, he

was so happy. I got a touch of the fire, too. Hallelujah to God! it was glorious. It was one of the best, if not the best, meetings of my life. I just wish you could enjoy some of these meetings. Sunday, surely—

“ ’Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.”

Your loving

BERTHA.

JOURNAL.—I had a letter this morning which brought glorious news. Alice is saved. O glory, how glad I feel! God ever keep her, is my prayer. I hope she will go in for a clean heart. She had the light.

I have a through ticket to the pearly gates, and a title clear to a mansion in the skies, and that is enough for any one. A person with that inheritance could be one of the richest men or women that ever lived without owning a cent. “Lo, I am with you alway.” Is not that enough? God was surely with us Sunday according to His promise.

How time flies! I am getting so interested in the Bible, for which I am thankful. I expect the interest to increase. I belong to God to do His will.

MY DEAREST ALICE: I just received the grand tidings that you had got saved. O glory! How good it made me feel. Press on after holiness. I shall always remember to pray for you. A day has not passed since I heard the glad news of your conversion but what I have remembered you before the throne of grace, asking God to help you. I hope I shall soon hear of your getting sanctified. I still continue to pray for you; and when you come to a hard place, remember you have a friend who will help you to hold on what little I can. I am still saved. Your own loving BERTHA.

DEAR ALICE: You should see me Sunday mornings about 9:00 as I go for my Sunday-school boy. He is such a bright little fellow. He likes to go to Sunday-school. I bring him back again, too.

Do you remember the last look we had at Sunnyside together? I suppose in a few years it will not be the same. Such is life. Things change all the time. Nothing in this world is substantial. We better lay up treasures in heaven, where nothing can destroy nor steal them.

As I sit by the office window I can see men and women pass with pails and pitchers. I suppose they are after beer.

Keep saved. I expect you will. I keep praying for you. I am saved, hallelujah. "One man of you shall chase a thousand: for the Lord your God, he it is that fighteth for you, as he hath promised you." Joshua 23:10. "And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless until the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Faithful is he that calleth you, who will also do it." "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Amen."

Your own loving

BERTHA.

JOURNAL, FEB 4.—Friday night we went to hear Brother — preach. We had a glorious time. It is snowing, and it looks so pretty. I am saved, hallelujah to God! I will have to get ready to go after my Sunday-school boy.

"Glory be to God on high;
Glory be to Jesus;
He hath brought salvation nigh:
From all sin He frees us.
Glory to God."

Ma and I went down to the Mission, and enjoyed a splendid Bible reading.

I hear that there is an awful fire sweeping Broadway to-night. I heard that five firemen had been killed already, and that all the fire engines in St. Louis and East St. Louis were working, but were unable to check it. The fire started in a very large clothing-

house called "Famous." It just seems awful. Perhaps none of the firemen were prepared to meet God. O, how diligently we ought to serve God. I am so glad that John 3:16 is in the Bible. What a blessed verse it is. I am saved, sanctified, and ready for glory. Amen. O God bless all the bereaved ones to-night in this city and elsewhere.

FEB. 7, 1900.—It just now lightened and thundered. Well, bless God, I have salvation. O glory. I belong to God. Amen. He will never leave me nor forsake me.

FEB. 13.—Praise God for salvation from all sin. Sunday afternoon Sister — and I went to the jail, visiting saloons as we went, but when we got there we found the jail was quarantined. As we could not get in, we decided to take a roundabout way home, visiting saloons. I really had no idea how many saloons there were in some places. We visited three at one crossing, but despite all the sin and wickedness we found what seemed to be diamonds in the rough. O if men could see the awful fruits of the votes they cast for liquor, they surely would repent, and take a different way. I believe that day's work will be brought to the judgment and that it will bear fruit, whether we see it in this life or not. How I plead with God for the precious souls we saw. In one saloon we found two young men playing pool. They said they came from homes in the East to attend the Medical College. They seemed on the verge of crying, and said they appreciated our interest in them, and that they would not have their mothers know how they were doing for anything, and begged us to pray for them. They seemed so polite and manly, if it were not for the curse of our beautiful land, whisky. O, will not this generation, and the coming ones, rise up and put down this terrible drink fiend that is damning souls, blasting and breaking up homes? By God's help and aid, I pledge myself to do all in my power to put it down. We visited twenty or more saloons. I love this work. We worked until our supply of tracts gave out. I know for a fact that I am saved.

FEBRUARY 16.—Well, praise God, I know I have salvation, and He will carry me through. I belong to God, who never lost a

battle (and He has promised to fight ours), and a God who owns all the money in the universe and the cattle on a thousand hills. He surely can take me through. My face is set like a flint Zionward, and I will go through.

This morning ma, E—, and I went down town a ways, and when we came back it was snowing. It looked so pretty to see the beautiful white snow falling in large flakes, but it soon stopped. O, so many poor outcasts and wretches! and they were all once as clean from all outward transgressions as the snow was white.

“And when the battle’s over,
We shall wear a crown.”

FEBRUARY 23.—Thank God for such a beautiful day. I also thank Him for the visible answer to a petition I sent Him, and the invisible answer to another. Glory, I am saved.

I now come to a part of her journal from which I will only give a few jottings, to show the deliverance God can give when we go through the deep waters:—

FEBRUARY 26.—“The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace,” never seemed more precious to me than yesterday. I was sitting in the prayer-room, unconscious of the fact that danger was at hand unless God interfered, which He did. The news came to me, and seeing Sister —, a blessed soul (who, I have reason to believe, is shouting in the realms of endless bliss, where she will have no more pain nor sorrow), sitting by the stove, I whispered these words to her, “Pray for us.” I looked in the prayer-room later, and saw that dear soul on her knees in accordance with my request. (It is blessed to have good evidence that she is safely housed in glory.) I then went to my room, which was connected with the prayer-room by rolling doors. I dropped on my knees, and prayed to my heavenly Father for protection, which He gave just as I needed it.

Shadows have been cast, as far as worldly things are concerned, for us to walk in, but glory to God, there is a bright side to all

shadows. Thanks be to God, He turns all to sunshine. Not that we don't have to fight with poverty and hard times, for we do; but I would not be without this experience for anything. Court will soon set, and Christ will be the judge, and will give justice, and although we have a dark background to our history, yet I see victory ahead, and I am pushing on after it; but all thanks be to God who always causes to triumph. I tell you notes of victory were sounded to an Almighty God who never goes back on His promises. O hallelujah. God alone knows how thankful I am that the devil has been defeated. Oh glory! I am not much to shout, but I felt so happy, I said "Hallelujah!" right out loud on the streets of St. Louis. It was like General Perry's message when he won such a victory on Lake Erie, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." But we have won a more glorious victory than he did, for by God's grace we had headed off the devil's plans. I shall never forget that night. This is one of the wonderful things God has done for us. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift of His Son. I am saved, sanctified, and ready for heaven. I mean my life shall be a success.

DEAR ALICE: Ma, Charles, and I went to one of the large churches in the city, and heard what the people call the "boy preacher" preach. The church had three sets of gas-lights besides those fastened to the sides. It made me think of pictures I had seen of grand churches. They also had a pipe-organ. St. Louis is only the fifth city of the United States, but it has more people in it than all the State of South Dakota.

We have singing-school now.

Be true to God whatever you do. I always remember to pray for you, and best of all, Jesus is interceding for us at the right hand of God. I prize my Bible more than ever. I little knew how beautiful its truths were until I looked into them for myself. In speaking of Wisdom, Prov. 8:17 says, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. 9:10 says, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding." So when we get saved, we are in a good place to start and get an education. I am saved, praise Jesus.

Your own

BERTHA.

In a letter to another friend she wrote:—

“ I suppose you have heard ere this that two of your friends from — have gone on before to glory. O, what a wonderful meeting it will be when we shall see all our loved ones, and more than all, Jesus, the Lamb from the foundation of the world. I have two brothers in glory awaiting me when I shall have finished my course. It pays to be true to Jesus. “ Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.”

MY PRECIOUS ALICE: The sentiment of my heart is this:—

“ Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass came from thee;
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

“ As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey thy will
When thou say'st to them, ‘ Be still! ’
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour pilot me.

“ When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then while leaning on thy breast,
May I hear thee say to me,
'Fear not, I will pilot thee! ’ ”

As the tidings concerning the bloody war raging between England and the Boers of South Africa come in thick and fast, telling of the terrible bloodshed, it makes me wonder when the nations will get where they will not go into such manslaughter over some land.

My precious, darling friend, I should love to see you. I am glad you are saved. Be true. When you get in a hard place, and it seems as if the waters of difficulty had splashed in your eyes, and there seems to be no way through, I am glad there is a way out, and you can look up and say, Father, you said "My grace is sufficient for thee," now I claim that promise. In everything have for your motto, "What would Jesus do?" God's promises are so precious. O how I love His word! I am so thankful I am not a heathen.

Another precious lamb has joined the innumerable ranks of angels. Little Pearl has gone to be,—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast."

He thought best, in his infinite wisdom, to take her to Himself. Thank God she was saved. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. How important it is that we should be saved when we are well. When we are sick is not time to seek God. O, let us keep ourselves ready for the death angel. It is so good to think that Pearl's body is free from pain, and her soul safe in the arms of Jesus.

Keep saved, and press ahead for more.

I remain your precious sister, washed in the blood of Jesus,

BERTHA.

DEAR B— AND J—: I hope you have not given up getting sanctified. I don't think you have. We keep praying for you. Best of all, Jesus is interceding. Glad you have started for heaven, never to turn back. It does me good to hear it. There is a great chase for us yet. Read Matt. 5:10-13. If we would only have more faith in God, we would not feel so afraid and forsaken, for there are enough promises in God's Word to take us through to heaven shouting. Look up the word "unbelief," and you will see clearer what a curse it is. Time spent in studying the Bible is never lost. I get so interested. I think if every one could read "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," by Father Charles Chiniquy, it would make them feel grateful for the Bible and prayer. I am reading it now.

It is very interesting. You will never make a mistake in life by following Jesus.

“Anywhere! anywhere! fear I can not know,
Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.
Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the dark’ning shadows round about me creep;
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be Home, Sweet Home.”

My parting exhortation will be found in Heb. 13:20-22; Phil. 1:27. I am saved and sanctified, hallelujah. The Lord God omnipotent reigneth. I feel real well in body as well as soul.

Last night Charles, Ma, and I went to the Mission to hear — preach. We had a good meeting. How I wish you could have been there to have enjoyed it. I wish you could hear some of the good sermons I hear sometimes, but God is everywhere.

Sister — was at the Mission last night with two of the rescue girls. One of them acted real good, but the other did not. She reminded me of —, if she isn’t saved, and held in by the Almighty and her parents. When a person is in a big city like this they can not go around laughing and talking with everybody. If they do they are liable to land in a saloon, gambling den, or house of ill-fame, unless Providence spares them. Last night when Charles and I were coming home, we passed a ball-room. There was music and dancing there. I said I would not be in that room for all the world. We had a wonderful meeting at the Mission. The altar was filled when the invitation was given, and all over the hall the people were shouting, crying, and dancing. It was heaven below. O how I wish you could have been there. The half has never yet been told, so there is no use trying to tell it. I am on my way to glory. Glory to God, there is only one way, and that is by the royal way of the cross. It is good to know Jesus.

“Then forward still, ‘tis Jehovah’s will,
Tho’ the billows dash and spray;
With a conquering tread we will push ahead,
He’ll roll the sea away.”

I feel just like going through with Jesus. The Lord did bless me so last night. Hallelujah. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." "Be ye holy, for I am holy." Good-by, dear ones.

Your own loving sister,

BERTHA.

ST. LOUIS, FEBRUARY, 1900.

DEAR BESSIE: Ma and Charles came down here. I do not know where we will be next year. I feel as if we would not be here, for I don't think God wants us to stay much longer.

A little while our conflicts will be over,
A little while the griefs that know us now,
Will turn to heaven's brightest day.

I expect, if God is willing, to get another look at dear old Sunnyside, where we spent such pleasant days, as well as many sad ones.

I am justified, sanctified, happified, and expect to be glorified. I am on the road to glory. Hallelujah. Don't give up until you get a clean heart. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened?" Matt. 7:7, 8.

Your loving sister, BERTHA.

DEAR BESSIE: I have victory in my soul, and I have a message line that goes straight through to glory, and there is no fear of the message being lost.

We have felt for some time that our time here would soon be out. I am sure I am resigned to God, and if He wanted me to stay I would do so without a murmur, but we have lately been led in another direction.

We were at the Mission last night. I need not tell you we had a glorious time. It was what you might call a "Hallelujah meeting." Brother — was just jumping so nice, and ma was testifying, and she got so happy she started jumping too, and another good soul got so happy she went down the aisles shouting, and at last fell, but soon got up and at it again. I hope if we leave St.

Louis we will get to a place where they have some fire in them. I know God is everywhere, but it is good to be with some of His fire-baptized children.

There was an awful fire on Broadway, the worst there has ever been in St. Louis, they say. They don't know how many lives were lost before they could check it.

"Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." If you come out and out for Jesus, you will have persecutions; but Jesus promises us that. Read the Beatitudes in Matthew. It says in God's Word, "Come out from among them." Are we going to obey? I am your loving sister, who daily intercedes in your behalf at the throne of God. O, get in earnest; you will never get holiness any other way. BERTHA.

DEAR BESSIE: To-day it started to snow, and it was so pretty as I looked out of the office window on the large white flakes coming down in abundance from the darkened sky. I am in Charles's press-room now, where there is a nice fire. We are trusting in Jesus for all. Praise His name.

"Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

"Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word."

You will have opposition, of course, if you get sanctified and strike out for Jesus alone; but we can expect that. Read Rev. 7:14. I know that I am ready to meet my just God, should His Beloved Son come to take His own.

"The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace," was the instrument that shivered that hanging rock into a thousand atoms. Have a firm hold on God in prayer. It is our only hope, for the Bible tells about prayers and faith moving mountains. Just think what it would mean to us if we were deprived of prayer.

Yesterday D—— and I went out for a walk before Sunday-school, and gave out tracts as we went. We first walked west on Clark Avenue until we could go no further in that direction, and so we went a roundabout way, half the time not knowing where we were, but at last struck Clark again and started for Jefferson Avenue, as we thought it was time to go home. As we were going along we passed a Catholic Church; and as the meeting was out, the street was thronged with people. We gave them some tracts; and when we got even with the church, we saw a boy giving out slips of paper some larger than our tracts. D—— used to be a Catholic, so she asked him for one, and what do you think, it was merely nothing but an advertisement for a grand ball for St. Patrick's Day. Isn't it awful, right in front of the church on Sunday. Our tracts we were distributing told of a girl who lost her soul over a ball. I believe God will bless those we gave out.

In the afternoon, it being such a lovely day, we mustered up our forces, and separating into two bands, went to hold street meetings. Our band went on Choteau Avenue. We had a splendid meeting, and after giving out tracts to the listeners, Charles and W—— went home, and the rest of us went into saloons, and then around the depot, and on home.

I am sorry you are lonesome and when you spoke of having my room so nice, it took effect. It makes me think of the loving hand that did it all, prompted by a loving heart. God bless you for it. I would come and always be with you, I believe, were it not that I feel I have a work to do in this world, and need an education to prepare for it. I know not what my work is, but God does, and He is directing our course that way. I mean, though, to spend at least two months with you this summer, the Lord willing; and I suppose I shall see you more or less every summer, but I can not promise anything, as I know not what may come. I know not my future; God alone does. I think, though, it will satisfy you if you know I am preparing myself for a life of usefulness in God's service. I should dearly love to spend a few months with you this summer. We will be able, I think, to tell you more of our plans and convictions as to our education in the next letter. We belong to God, and when we follow Him, we can never make a

failure. When you are lonesome, and earnestly wish to see us, and we can not come, leave it all with the Lord; for if we settle down, what could we do for the world; and when God has called us to bestir ourselves, where would we be in the next? I know somewhat how you feel, my dear sister, and will try to get home a little while this summer. God bless you. I know you would dearly love to have us do something for Jesus.

“ May your joy be as deep as the ocean,
And your sorrow as light as its foam.”

I remain your loving sister,

BERTHA.

DEAR BESSIE: We have been looking around for some time for a college or school where we could get a Christian education, and we have been directed to McGee Holiness College, College Mound, Mo. After praying and considering the matter, ma wrote about it, and received an answer that the way was open for us to enter whenever we came. That brought us to our knees for God's direction, and after much praying we all felt it was God's will. O how good He is to open the way for our education. Don't worry about us; the Lord will take care of us. I can see His loving hand in it all. God bless you for all your goodness to us. Ma has been visiting the last few days.

We just got the paper out, and have been real busy with it. Saturday I was in the press-room helping Charles print, as he was very busy. I inked the board.

Yesterday afternoon W—, T—, D—, and I went and held a street meeting on Papin Street. Yesterday was St. Patrick's parade, and the newspaper states that a motorman on a street-car was almost mobbed for attempting to break the parade so he could go on. When he would not stop, they shouted, “ Mob him! ” He rushed inside the car for protection, and the crowd would have broken in the car after him had not a number of policemen appeared on the scene, and standing at the door of the car warded off the crowd of enraged people.

Yesterday afternoon there was a tramp here, and he got saved. Some of us had given him a tract on the street, and told him to

come here. We know not how much good a tract may do, but we know many times it has resulted well. Praise Jesus! They shall not return unto us void, but shall accomplish that whereunto He has sent it.

Sister D—— and I went to the store to-night, and were weighed. We each weighed, according to those scales, 143 pounds. Pretty good weight for a girl only fourteen; but I will be fifteen before very long. God bless you for all your kindness to us. Jesus says, "As ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." I am saved and sanctified, hallelujah, and mean to go every step of the way.

Your loving sister.

MY DEAR —: I hear some bad reports about —. If they are true, they are getting into the lowest stages of gross immorality. I tell you we have to be awfully careful whom we associate with. It is only through the grace and mercy of God that He has given us mothers that brought us up right, held us back instead of pushing us into things that are wrong. How much we have to thank God for.

There is a Mr. S——, a missionary to the mountaineers in the South, here. He says the mountaineers are ignorant and poor. They hardly have clothes for their children, and about all they have to eat is corn-bread made of corn meal and water and baked, hog grease, and tobacco. He says they are eager for teachers, and that they are so hospitable that a teacher is sure of being cared for if they go there. He told us many interesting things. I guess we can find something to do in our own dear land all right, if we are not called to the foreign field.

Always bear in mind that you are getting your education for the glory of God, and must be used for Him.

I have seen a good many people here. I saw S. B. Shaw. A great many of the people I have met since coming here I expect I will not see again until we all shall meet in the glory land, or before the Judge of all the earth. I know I am right with God.

It was so dark before dinner that some of the office workers quit setting type, and some went for lamps. I can hear the trains puffing. They are continually going under the Choteau bridge. We often

go down there. It is only a short distance. One day Sister C— and I went down on the foot-bridge, and stood watching the trains go under and talking. When we were going to go home, a train puffed out smoke, and it came through the cracks in the bridge, and we were enveloped in smoke so we could not see for a while.

We have not time here for all study. We have to work in the office. We have Bible study, word analysis, grammar, and physiology. I am so thankful for all the physiology talks. They say if you take seven full breaths of fresh air a day you will not have consumption nor pneumonia, and I tell you nobody can get a full breath who wears a corset. No one probably knows how many women have gone to the grave, and are going right along, from the wearing of corsets. I think physiology is one of the most essential studies you can get. In Kansas children are compelled to study it from five years and up, and never graduate. You can tell people that corsets and anything tight is bad, but they need to get into their heads what it injures, and how it does it. With all I know about them I purpose never to wear one as long as I live. God does not want us to sin against our bodies. I can hardly bear to see my dear friends hurting their lives.

Well, good-by. Be true to God. Pray much.

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER: Last night we went to the Mission, where we had a good meeting. Sunday Sister D— and I gave out tracts and visited people. We went to some places where we had never been before. We had a good time, and the promise of five or more Sunday-school children.

We are all well and happy in Jesus. Before you decide to stay with —, I hope you will take into consideration what I wrote you some time ago. Shun evil companions. I love you, and am interested in you.

Jesus is my all in all to-night, a very present help in time of trouble.

“Oh, 'twas love, love,
Love that moved the Mighty God,
Love, love, 'twas love found me.”

“Here friends assemble,
Hand and heart.
Whom life may sever,
Death must part.
Sweet be their deaths,
Their lives well spent;
And these their
Friendship’s monument.”

My dear,—

“Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;
Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o’er life’s solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, *shall* take heart again.”

There goes the bell for singing-school. Be true to God. It pays both in this life and in the next. Bless God for salvation. I am free from sin; striving for a crown. I remain your loving sister, determined by the grace of God to make my home in a better world.

BERTHA.

MY DEAR ALICE: Last Sunday night Charles and I went to hear Amanda Smith. She spoke splendidly. The house was packed. I suppose you have heard of her.

Sunday afternoon we had another good street meeting on Chestnut. After that we divided, and some went into saloons, and the rest of us went around distributing tracts till our supply gave out. Bless God for salvation. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; a very present help in time of trouble. I have proven that to be true. It pays to be true to God every time. I know this morning that I am a child of a king.

“God is our wisdom; God is our might;
God ever near us, guiding us right.

He understands us; knows all our need.
Trusting in Him, we'll surely succeed."

"To God only wise, be glory, through Jesus Christ, for ever. Amen." Rom. 16:27. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all." Rom. 16:24. "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven." Glory and honor and majesty to our God.

Here I am sitting on some steps going down to the railroad tracks, eating ginger snaps. I wish you were here, for I know you like them. There is a railroad in front of us, and green things all around. We are out in Carondelet and in the park. It is so sunny here, and if wishes could do anything you would be at my side enjoying it; but as they can not, it is no use to wish. Chickens are cackling, and it sounds like home. There is a country well here, and everything is green, and to my right is a country road which reminds me of home. I thought you would enjoy having me write to you when I was right here, so I did. O how beautiful the world we live in is. It looks so much like the country here; the grass is so green and nice. We expect to stay until Monday. People are beginning to pass pretty fast, and the day is waning, and I must go. It is a beautiful spring evening. Good-by from here.

Charles and I have just been down to the river, where I expected to write, but found it too cold. We sat on a plank, shaded by a log. There were some steamboats some distance south of us, and all along the shore are houses built with boats under them, so when the water rises they sail around with it, I suppose.

Well, bless God for salvation more than all. Be true to God in every time and place. I remain your true friend, striving for a home in heaven, where parting is not known.

BERTHA.

From her journal:—

MARCH, 1900.—

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,



BERTHA'S FRIEND ALICE.

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!"

Never did Jesus seem so precious. I am glad I have a through ticket to glory.

MONDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1900.—We started for College Mound at 9:15 A. M. We got to Moberly about 1:00 P. M., and we changed cars for Excello, where we arrived about two o'clock. We waited there until night, then came out here to College Mound. The sisters have arranged for us to have a room, and they furnished it the best they could; and the night we moved in they came with a whole lot of provisions, and gave us a start, so you see all things work together for good to those that love God. I like the people here so much. They are so kind. It is a splendid Holiness College. I believe more than ever that God was in our coming here. I belong to Him, and He is just the same to-day, yesterday, and forever. He never changes. "Jesus is my all in all; a never-failing friend." "Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid." "Other friends may fail me, He is still my own."

I like the school better every day, and I like the teachers, too. I love to go to school. These people are very spiritual, and I love them. I used to long for an education, but did not see how I ever was going to get one. I did not realize that God was looking out for that, and was already working it out. The first thing was for me to go to St. Louis. I always believed that God led me there, and I do to-day; but I never felt that He wanted me to stay so very long, and I had a clear evidence our time there was ended, and we ought to leave when we did, and from there He led us here.

They had a temperance meeting here last Sunday. I tell you that is what I am interested in. I have seen enough of the curse of the damning stuff, and I am ready to throw myself in the balance against it.

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be."

Jesus saves, sanctifies, and keeps me, and He has never left nor forsaken me.

Here is a piece written for publication in the interest of the school the first term she was there:—

McGEE HOLINESS COLLEGE.

I feel it my duty to write in the interest of the school. I will say that there are not many schools that can compete with it. In saying this, we are not exaggerating, but are stating facts. The godly as well as the moral influence of this school is splendid, and everything tends to lead one upward.

We have chapel services every morning from 8:30 to 9:00 o'clock, when the word of God is read and expounded, hymns sung, and opportunities for testimony given. Another great feature of the school is the Bible class. All Christians will admit that the Bible is the most important study there is. It is by the Bible that we are to be judged, and therefore it is necessary to have a knowledge of what is in it. The Christian people of to-day know comparatively little about the Bible. This is a truth which ought not to be, and is the cause of many being shipwrecked and going into fanaticism. They have very little idea of the great truths contained in that blessed Book of books. It is an exceedingly profound book. The more we dig into it, the more we see in it. A person who intends to be a worker for the Lord must be well founded on the Bible.

The study of the Bible is foremost in this school. One hour each morning is devoted to it. We are studying the tabernacles from a scientific standpoint; comparing the literal tabernacle with the human body. It is truly a profound study; and as I sit in the class from day to day, and study His blessed Word, the more I can see the wisdom of an infinite God. The Bible is the deepest book of science you can find.

I don't believe the people fully comprehend the opportunities they have of sending their children to a Christian school. Dear friends, especially you who intend to work for the Lord, can you afford to miss this Bible class? You will get truths here that you

can not from any commentary. You will get a foundation upon which to build; something that will go with you all through life, and will not forsake you when you come to die.

Any who come to this school will be kindly welcomed. The teachers are very kind, and will do all in their power to help you in your studies. When I came here I thought I had never received a kinder welcome anywhere. Come at once. You can not afford to lose a day. We pass this way but once, then let us improve every opportunity. Any one who would like a catalogue, or any other information, address Prof. E. E. Taylor, president, College Mound, Mo.

I shall be glad to take part in welcoming any who may come. I am here endeavoring to fit myself for a life of usefulness. God opened the way for me to come when it seemed impossible, and He can do the same for you. There is a saying, "To see, is to believe;" so if you don't quite believe all that I have been telling you about the school, come and see for yourself. You who really want to come, but don't see how you can, ask God to help you. Nothing is impossible with God. Yours in the battle for truth and right.

BERTHA.

MY DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER: O how God leads His children into green pastures. I see His blessed hand in all, and we cast our care on Him, for He careth for us. Jesus is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. I can not see everything clear ahead, but God has said, "The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." Ex. 14:14. I take that promise, and leave it all in His hand, and go ahead, and not worry, or cross any bridges until I reach them, or shed any borrowed tears. The Lord has wonderfully fulfilled that promise for me before, and He is just the same now and forever. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one word of that blessed book shall fail; so we ought to feel secure, and not go around looking as if we had lost our last friend.

Praise God. I like College Mound people so much. Charles is to lead the young people's meeting to-night. He is eighteen years old to-day. God bless you for all your kindness to us. I like the school every day. I like the teachers, too. I bless God for such

privileges as we enjoy. We have a cozy little room here, and God has promised that the cruse of oil shall not fail nor the measure of meal, and I trust Him for all. I feel safe. I am saved, O hallelujah.

I remain your ever true sister to stand for God and truth,

BERTHA

MY PRECIOUS ALICE: You speak of walking up-town and getting so tired. I know what that is, for I walked a great deal when in St. Louis, and sometimes I would be so tired I could hardly walk home. Nearly every Sunday, when the weather was fit to go (and it nearly always was), I would walk around so much giving out tracts, hunting up Sunday-school children, going to street meetings and going to missions, that by night my feet would be so tired and sore that I could hardly walk. I have had some wonderfully good times in St. Louis. I remember many sunny days when I would go to the depot and around the corner to the store. I would so often think of you. If it be God's will I will yet see you face to face, when we can talk our hearts out, and not have to depend on a feeble pen to portray our deepest thoughts, feelings, and words. Bless God, I am the child of a King. My mind wanders back to St. Louis so much this morning. I am so glad I ever was there.

I am glad — got saved. I hope she will stick to it this time. If she does not, I am afraid the devil will get her after all. I am glad you are still saved. Be true to God; it pays. We pass this way but once. What we do must be done quickly; the night cometh when no man can work. I am still saved and sanctified.

Your loving sister,

BERTHA.

PRECIOUS SISTER AND BROTHER:

“There is room for us all in heaven,
Where the blood-washed never part.”

I have been out in the country this week. It is quite a pretty country out there.

We had a wonderfully good prayer-meeting yesterday afternoon. I believe it was one of the best ones I ever was in. We had a blessed time. Nearly every one seemed touched. I wish you could

come down here and go to school. It would be the best place for you, if you are called to preach, for I never in my life saw a man that knew so much about the Bible as Professor Taylor, and he has the Bible class in his room. He is talking of taking the whole Bible through next winter; and Oh! if he don't get in the deep things in the Bible. I like to study the Bible, and am so glad I ever got to come here.

I am still saved, praise God.

BERTHA.

COLLEGE MOUND, Mo., APRIL, 1900.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER ALICE: It is such a beautiful evening. I like the people here so much. I like every one of the teachers. I study nearly all day long. I like to study.

I used to tell you about riding on the street-cars while you had to go on a stage-coach, but I guess I am in about as small a town now. The trains do not run through College Mound, but do to Excello, about five miles from here. This place is about one hundred and twenty-five miles nearer you than St. Louis. As for coming up there this summer, all I can do is to pray God's will to be done in the matter. My precious sister, I shall never forget you; I shall always be your friend, and pray for you. Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and if we have Him we are all right. Of course it is natural to want to see those we love.

I like this college very much. We do not board. We have a room, and board ourselves. Yes, I think of you as the same old girl.

Be true to God.

It pays to serve Jesus;
I speak from the heart.
He'll ever be with us,
If we do our part.

It is such a beautiful morning. Quit a contrast from St. Louis life. The birds are chirping merrily, and everything is so nice. Just think, millions of these birds are killed to put on women's hats. Is it not awful! God bless you. I remain your ever true friend, deter-

mined to do my best and gain a home in Heaven. Hallelujah! I am glad I am the Lord's, saved, sanctified, and on good terms with the Almighty.

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER: I have just been out canvassing, and had good success. It is a beautiful evening, and I am out on the west porch. It is thundering some. It is cloudy now, but not raining. I like such evenings.

Charlie has been helping clean some of the rooms at the College. I am getting along very well in my studies. Those pictures I am to enlarge have not come back from St. Louis yet. But I will put in my time canvassing until they come. I just like to study so much. The Lord has wonderfully helped us since we came here. This promise is just as true as it is old! "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you," and also this proverb, "The Lord helps them that help themselves." The people here are so kind. God bless them. I believe it is lightening. Bless God, I am not afraid of storms. God has taken all the fear out of me. When storms and the like come, I feel "Safe in the arms of Jesus." O what a happy feeling. Only the true Christian knows what a blissful feeling, and how secure we feel when everything looks desolate, dark, and stormy. I love Jesus more than all. I do love Jesus with all my heart, soul, might, mind, and strength, and my neighbor as myself. I feel a joy and happiness I can't express. A peace that the world can not give, and, best of all, can't take away. If the world could take it away, there would not be much hope for us. Who could help but love such a Saviour.

He died for *us* on the mountain;
For *us* they pierced His side.
For *us* the fountain was opened,
 The cleansing crimson tide.
For *us* He's waiting in glory;
 He's promised never to leave *us*,
 Never to leave *us* alone.

O bless God, it would do you so much good if you could be at our Bible study. There is no success outside the perfect will of God.

O the thousands who have tried it and failed. Just think; not long until the second advent of Christ. Is it not time we were stretching every nerve to save our own souls and others? I never felt it so forcibly as I do to-night—the importance of making our lives count. By God's assisting grace I mean to fight for truth and right until God will say to me, "It is enough, come up higher;" "well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I have almost learned my piece for Commencement. It is a fine temperance piece. It has twenty-eight verses in it.

Your own,

BERTHA.

My DEAREST SISTER: The Lord is helping us right out. Bless His almighty and eternal name. Saturday night that box came. O how nice everything was. Best of all, it reminded us of one who sent it. It is such a blessing to have the privilege of going to school where the teachers are all saved and sanctified, and who live their religion. We are getting along pretty well in our studies. This is a nice, quiet little place. My piece is a temperance piece. I am temperance through and through, and I believe every true Christian is, and I do not believe there is a single sickness in which liquor is needed whatever, and if people can not trust their own Creator, who made them, with their bodies and souls less than whisky. I am still on my way to glory, bless God.

The other day we went to Macon City. On the way there we passed some fruit farms. One was eighty acres of orchard, another sixty acres, and we saw what is called the model farm of the world. It is owned by a millionaire. He takes young men and makes soldiers of them. We also saw his fair-grounds and racing-rings. He owns some of the fastest horses in the world. The boys are taught to dance. They have a lake on the farm, and after we reached the city we heard that one of the boys had been drowned. His mother was in Mexico, and this was her only son. On our way back from the city, as we passed there we saw the soldiers sitting on the hill smoking cigarettes. It is just awful to think of. Parents little realize what they are sending their children to when they send them

there. I will say good-by, with lots of love. I remain your true sister,

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER:

“The cross that He gave may be heavy,
But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
The storm that you feared may surround you,
But it ne'er excludes His face.”

“Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.”

Charlie is over in the office, and I am here writing. I have been working on the pictures off and on all day. One is nearly ready to send to the owner, and the other one is getting along pretty well.

I would not be a single person under the sun to-day except myself. It will comfort us to know you are not despondent over the fact that I can not come home this summer. There will come a time some day, God willing, when we will meet again. It may not be at Sunnyside, though. The Lord only knows where we will be five years from now, or even one year or less. Time is flying swiftly. What is done must be done quickly. Oh how I wish you could be in our Revelation class. It would help any one so much. My mind often wanders back to old times, especially to my Elk Point trip, and how God took care of us girls when we were in danger. I think sometimes how hard it must be for you to be separated from us all, and how much I would like to be with you; and if we lived to please ourselves, I likely would be there. God created us for a different purpose,—that of working for humanity. When God calls us out from home, we often have to leave our dearest earthly friends in God's care. When I was at the Missionary Home in St. Louis, I often sang to myself in bed,—

“Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkening shadows round about me creep;
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be Home, Sweet Home.”

It is a beautiful May morning. The sun is shining and the grass is sparkling. The birds are singing so sweetly. It reminds me of the May mornings a year ago. The grape-vines are climbing around also. I will soon be fifteen. What a short time since my last birthday. My heart is too full to write. Pen is too feeble an instrument for the occasion.

It is twilight now. The beautiful sun has set to shine on other climes, while we enjoy a night of rest. It is a beautiful evening.

I have now reached the 14th Psalm in reading the Bible through. Lately I have been getting time in school to read some in my Bible. I would get my lessons and then read. I just love the Bible. I have never appreciated or valued it so much as this year. Many are the battles we have fought — of course it was not us, but God who fought them for us — since this time last year. We are either getting better or worse by these battles of life. If we fight them in the strength of our King, we shall win and grow; but if we let the devil do the winning, we will pay for it, and that dearly. Every time we let the devil defeat us, we have dropped terribly in the scale of life. So think of it every time the devil defeats you in what may seem a small matter to you, that it has taken from your life a great deal of firmness and strength that you can not afford to spare. God will give you strength, of course, but every time you gain a victory you are that much stronger to win the next battle through Christ's ever-needed strength and aid.

You asked about our convictions: We just laid it before God, and listen here: "And the light shall shine upon *thy* ways." Job 22:28. Read Job 22 to the close of the chapter. It is just what you need. That passage was one of my particular promises when we were praying about coming here. "And the *light shall*." One of God's *shall's* means more than ours. They mean *shall* in the true sense of the word. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Good-by, I must close.

Yours,

BERTHA

MY PRECIOUS ALICE: I just received your letter. I am sorry you are not feeling well, and that you are getting so poor. So do I

think of by-gone days. I am so glad that the Lord is blessing you, and I am glad we can write. Well, bless God, things that we can not tell any one else on account of absence or other things we can tell to God. O my own dear Alice, you are just like a sister to me, and I don't think there is a soul more interested in your welfare than I am. O how I miss you and Bessie, the dearest absent friends I have.

My piece for Commencement is about the result of one drink. It is so sad. It was an awful result. It is about a young man who left his Christian parents and went to the city. He was invited to a party by his employer's beautiful daughter, and there she asked him to have a glass of wine. He told her he did not drink wine, but she answered, "O you'll not refuse me, for there is no harm in this wine." And at last he drank it. Then came the second scene. It was again evening, and I tell about a sleighing party, and this same young lady and her lover occupy the first sleigh. They have a runaway, and a tramp was trampled under and killed. And it proved to be that boy she had coaxed to take his first glass of wine. And it then says—

"He is dead; yes, wine did it,
Offered by a maiden sweet,
Just five years ago to-night,
Now the ruin is complete!"

Then in the next verse it implores ladies to be careful about wrecking people's lives. I think it is so good. I like temperance anyway. I will soon be fifteen. I expect I will spend a far different birthday this time than I did the last time. Do you remember how we spent the first Tuesday after ma and Charles went to St. Louis?

"Our friends on earth we meet with gladness,
How swift the moments fly;
But ever comes the thought of sadness,
That we must say good-by.
We'll never say good-by in heaven,
We'll never say good-by,
For in that land of joy and song,
We'll never say good-by."

You remember our trip and stay at Wall Lake and our trip back over sloughs, getting something to eat at L——; how it rained, and I lost my hat, and of the blessed times we had together. My mind is wandering back this morning. I well remember the day I came back from taking B—— to the Institute. When I came driving up the lane, and how anxious you were to have me eat all I could after I got in the house, but I was too happy to eat. I know I felt so good. What happy times we enjoyed in our innocent childhood. I tell you we want to keep as innocent in our womanhood. Let's make our lives sublime, and departing leave behind us footprints on the sands of time. We can do it by God's help. I must close now, and get ready for school. I remain as ever your true friend, and in the fight for right.

BERTHA.

JOURNAL. JUNE 4, 1900.—I am fifteen to-day. Bless God, He has tided me over fifteen years of my life. Jesus saves and sanctifies me now. O how good He is to us.

“God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life.” John 3:16.

JUNE 16.—Bless God, I am still alive, and on my way to glory. School was out on the 7th. The teachers are all going away on a vacation. I am so glad Jesus can stay with us. Camp-meeting does not start until August. O I am so glad we have a Saviour who is mighty to save. I am so glad God ever led us here. It pays to wait on the Lord. God meant something when he said in His Word, “Wait, I say, on the Lord.” The Lord is sending in things in the line of eatables. He is not going to see us go hungry if we obey Him and do His will.

JUNE 18.—“But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.” Oh blessed thought. To God be all the glory.

My soap I canvassed for came this evening, and I delivered some of it. I went down to Sr. — with the soap she ordered. She was feeling very bad in body, so I stayed longer than I other-

wise would have done. I prayed with her, and she prayed. She felt better. I then left, and went over to G——'s, who was accidentally shot a week ago, and stayed with him a long time. I am saved, sanctified, and ready for glory.

JUNE 19.—I am so glad Jesus has saved me from all sin.

Extract from a letter:—

DEAR ALICE: It is raining now, and quite dark. I have just been writing in my journal. I have kept my journal now since I first started. People going from place to place make a journal quite interesting. I have just been playing the guitar and singing a song. It is so good that I will write it for you:—

“Life is like a mountain railroad
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves; the fills, the tunnels,
Never falter, never quail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

“*Chorus:*

“Blessed Saviour, Thou wilt guide us
Till we reach that blissful shore,
Where the angels wait to join us
In Thy praise forevermore.

“You will roll up grades of trial,
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your conductor,
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstructions,
Do your duty, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.

“ You will always find obstructions;
Look for storms of wind and rain,
On a fill, or curve, or trestle,
They will almost ditch your train.
Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Never falter, never fail;
Keep your hand upon the throttle,
And your eye upon the rail.”

“ As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning death’s dark swelling tide,
You behold the Union Depot
Into which your train will glide.
There you’ll meet the Superintendent,
God the Father, God the Son,
With the hearty, joyous plaudit,
‘ Weary pilgrim, welcome home.’ ”

Hallelujah! Alice, every word of that is as true as can be. God bless you, and make you a brave soldier, one that will go anywhere with Jesus, and one who will bear the taunts and scorn of men, and not fear. I earnestly pray that I may be one of that class.

MY DEAR SISTER: I just sent down the picture I enlarged for Mrs. ——. I got a lovely frame for it. This is such a quiet place compared to St. Louis. I remember when I went under Chouteau Bridge the last time, and we pulled out of St. Louis. I remember the night we had been out to see if we could get the tent for camp-meeting, and coming home a storm was coming up, and we went in such a hurry and picked strawberries, and how many we had to eat. A storm is coming up now. O, thank God, I know my Father holds it in His hand, and He will take care of it. The storm is here in all its fury, but bless God, my soul is calm. I feel as peaceful as a child in its mother’s arms. Jesus bade the winds “ be still ” when He was with His disciples, and He is just the

same, yesterday, to-day, and forever. Hallelujah. I thank God I am not afraid of storms. He has taken the fear all away.

O, be true to God. How very true it is that we pass this way but *once*, what we do we must do *quickly*. Behold, the Bridegroom cometh as a thief in the night. May He find us watching, with our lamps trimmed and burning. Oh, may we hear Jesus pronounce this sentence upon us, the one which will alone give us comfort in that dreadful hour of judgment, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." It may seem at times as though God had forsaken us, but we have an evidence that He has not. Who is it that keeps our hearts beating from day to day? If God should forget us, we would drop dead in a moment. When we see the beautiful sun wending its way, never turning right nor left, but keeping straight ahead, always doing its duty, and never getting out of its course, we can think what great care God takes of us. And when God can keep all the planets suspended in space, how much more can He keep us.

My! how time flies. Let us, then, be up and doing. I am saved and sanctified.

"Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling,
Come follow me!"

And we see where Thy footprints falling,
Lead us to Thee.

"Though they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains,
Seeking His sheep;
Or along by Siloam's fountains,
Helping the weak.

"If they lead through the temple holy,
Preaching the Word;
Or in the homes of the poor and lowly,
Serving the Lord.

"By and by, through the shining portals,
Turning our feet,

We shall walk with the glad immortals,
Heaven's golden street.

“ Then at last when on high He sees us,
Our journey done,
We shall rest where the steps of Jesus,
End at his throne.

“Chorus:

“ Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow;
We will follow the steps of Jesus, where'er they go.”

Can each one of us say this and mean it?

Your loving sister,

BERTHA.

MY DEAR ALICE: Charles and I were out for a walk. We went quite a ways in the country. We wished for you.

The mantle of night is about to fall on us while it lifts itself from other climes, leaving them to enjoy a day of sunshine. The sun shining in the hazy horizon reminds us of how wonderfully God has planned things. We realize the truth of this verse, “ The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.” Psalms 19:1, 2.

Bless God, I am still striving to make a home in heaven. I expect to go to a place where no tears are shed, and where the word “ farewell ” is never spoken. Bless God for that.

In St. Louis they use parasols over the horses’ heads. I have been over to Sister —’s nearly all day ironing.

Do you know there used to be a country in the Old World called Poland? It was conquered by the Russians, I believe, under Maximilian, who killed the king. The heir to the Polish throne and the rest of the royal family were exiled. The heir then went to Italy, but was also exiled from there. He then came to the United States, and was bugler in the Mexican War, I believe. Maximilian was one of the leading generals on the Mexican side, and he was killed by the regiment for which this heir was bugler. So the murderer of his father, the slain king, died in the battle he was in.

This heir to the Polish throne is a temperance lecturer now, and they say he was here two years ago. We see that even people of high positions in life are not always happy. I am glad I am heir to a throne which no one can take from me. Bless God for that. I am heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3:16. Is not the amazing love of Almighty God wonderful?

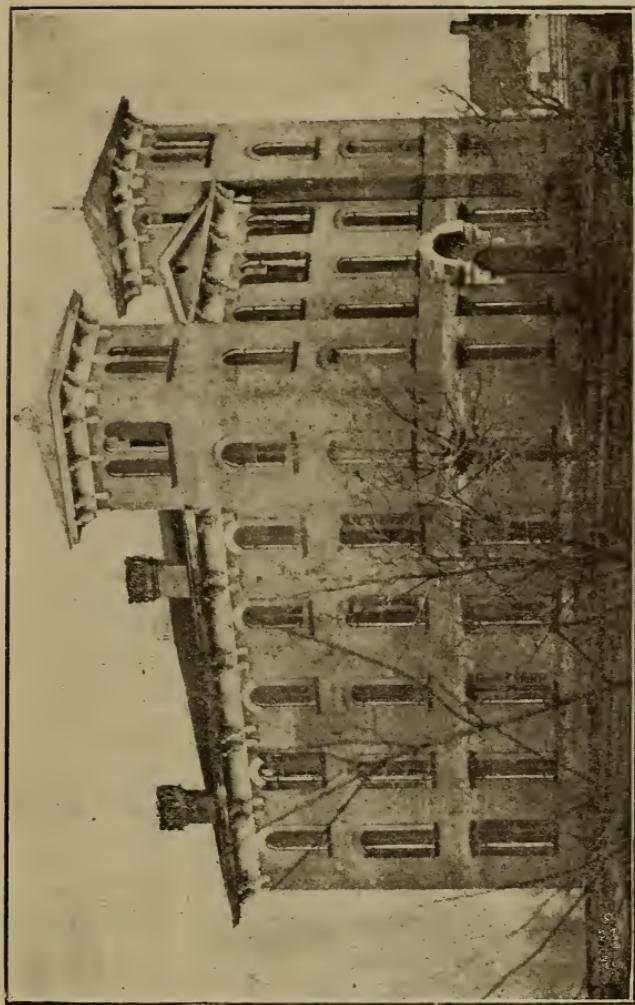
"Thus saith the Lord, Let no the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Jer. 9:23, 24.

I have seen thousands of people that I probably will never see again until we meet at the final judgment. When I have been down to the Union Station at St. Louis it made me think of the time when we shall all sweep into Heaven's Union Depot.

My EVER-PRECIOUS SISTER: I suppose you will be home this summer. There is a graveyard west of the college. I like to visit graveyards, but have not been to that one yet.

The beautiful sun has now gone down. The horizon is gray, and farther up tinted with a pinkish hue, which all reminds us of the Author of it all. It is one of the most beautiful evenings I ever saw. O, how I should love to take another walk with you. I saw a humming-bird the other day. My! they are the cutest things. Well do I remember when we used to go to meeting together. You used to come and go with us. I have that note yet you wrote me about coming down to eat goose eggs on Easter. That was when we had Sunday-school at D—. My mind is flooded with thoughts of my childhood. It was clouded by one dark cloud. God alone knows all, but He has brought us through. I must not dwell on this scene. There is another side to things.

Be true to God. We live not to please ourselves. We were created to glorify God and benefit humanity. Now the very God



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of peace be and abide with you through life and grant to make your life a success, and may you leave a mark in the world that shall never be erased in time or eternity. Remember these sweet words, "If we suffer, we shall also reign with him," and we shall be glorified together. I am saved, and on the way to glory. Good-by

BERTHA.

MY DEAREST: Do you remember when we were at that camp meeting? I enjoyed that meeting so much. I came near losing my old hat on the way home.

I was weighed to-day, and I weighed 121 pounds; so you see I am getting slimmer. I went down to the post-office only to find there was no mail for us. Well, bless God, it is all right.

"He's not too high in heaven to hear
The story of our woes;
And every sigh and every tear,
The blessed Jesus knows.

"The cares that fret, however small,
His tender eye can see;
And if he heeds the sparrow's fall,
He will take care of me.

"The darkest night can never hide
Me from His holy sight:
And with me will His love abide,
Through all the hours of night."

Thank God for that. I am glad he knows it all.

I have just been reading of a girl, with name same as yours, and of her heart-rending history and sad fall. Oh! what a burst of anguish came over my soul as I thought of a pure, spotless girl in South Dakota. Many an innocent soul as pure and spotless as you and I have fallen victims to this curse of curses, "Traffic in Girls." Oh God! My heart cries out, Send me. We must remember it is not all of life to live, nor yet all of death to die. Let us not be

like Cain. When God asked him where his brother was, he pretended not to know. Let us be our sisters' keeper. Oh, the many hearts that are aching to-night. We can only hope and pray and ask God what He wants us to do, and then do it.

Let us pray for the coming election, that prohibition may win; for if there were no saloons, these awful sorrows would be prevented. People may say it is no use to work for prohibition; but don't let the devil make you believe that, for God says, "All things are possible to him that believeth" (Mark 9:23), and He can not lie. He also says, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven." Are we willing to stand on God's promises?

The thorns of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way. Yes, indeed! Bless God.

It is getting late, and in an hour from now I will have gone to sleep, safe in the arms of Jesus. How blessed it is to feel that. I suppose you have seen our prohibition president. May God grant that right may win, and that demon may be swept away that is not only causing the death of our boys and fathers, but is also damning the souls and bodies of our sisters all over our fair but blighted land. Let us unite our prayers for it. If I remember, I will send you a poem, namely, "Stone Her—Let the Man Go Free." It was in our missionary paper, and I thought it was so good. That is just the way the world goes. May God hasten the day when we shall see justice done, and not be partial to any sex or race.

We are expecting a good camp-meeting and the largest crowds that have ever been here. It is estimated that at one of the camp-meetings held here that three thousand people attended on Sunday. I am still saved and sanctified and on my way to heaven with the glory in my soul. I am not at all tired of the way. Jesus is my all in all. I feel that this is my experience,—

"Anywhere with Jesus, I can go to sleep,
When the darkening shadows round about me creep,
Knowing I shall waken, never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus, will be Home, Sweet Home."

My precious sister, be true to God. What we do must be done quickly, for the night cometh when no man can work.

God be with you till we meet again.

BERTHA.

JOURNAL. JUNE 30, 1900.—Oh hallelujah! Jesus saves *me* from *all* sin.

THE ETERNAL WILL.

“To war the armored nations march,
With echoing tread and thud of drums;
But under heaven’s triumphant arch,
A king unseen in conquest comes.
A thousand wills are crossed in war,
A thousand victories lost and won.
They alter not His changeless law,
‘God’s will is destined to be done.’

“To that *one* ‘will’ creation turns
Her myriad gaze, in wonder dumb.
No flowers that blow, no sun that burns,
His secret tells in light or bloom.
But righteous law at last shall prove,
‘To Him was every battle won.’
Creation’s travail brought forth ‘Love.’
‘*God’s will is destined to be done.*’”

“The lot is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord.” (Bible.) “God’s will is destined to be done.” How very true this is. “Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” We pass this way but once. Let us be up and doing. God help us.

JULY 10, 1900.—It is a beautiful day. Bless God, there will be no parting when Jesus comes.

JULY 22, 1900.—The *prospects* are as *high* as the *promises* of God. Hallelujah. He saves, sanctifies, heals, and keeps me. “Lo, I am with you alway; even unto the end of the world.”

JULY 29, 1900.—

“ We pass this way but once!
The ripened harvest white,
Has waited long
The reaper’s song;
Thrust in the sickle bright.

“ We pass this way but once!
There’s work divine for thee;
On every hand,
The needy stand,
And sigh for sympathy.

“ We pass this way but once!
Wage well thy warfare now;
Beyond the strife,
Bright crowns of life
Await the victor’s brow.

“ We pass this way but once—
Where saints and heroes trod
Through toil and pain,
At last to gain
The paradise of God. Bless God.”

AUG. 4, 1900.—It is now 9:45 P. M., and another day has passed and gone, never to return. I moved Wednesday, and have been very busy ever since.

Charlie is getting well fast. Camp-meeting commences Thursday. I am still on my way to heaven, saved and sanctified.

AUGUST 5, 1900.—I did not go to church to-night, as I had no one to come home with. I can hear them singing over there. I am so glad that I am a child of the King of kings. Victory, eternal victory, through the Saviour.

AUGUST 12, 1900.—

“ When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.”

Hallelujah.

MY PRECIOUS ALICE: We can not always be children, neither can we always be together, but oh, let us make our lives worth something. I thank God we have the privilege of writing to each other. I suppose you will be at camp-meeting up there. You will miss me this year, and I will you; but thank God, Jesus will be with us. He is a friend, and the only friend that can go with us down to death's cold river and cross it with us. No earthly friend, no matter how dear, can do that, though they might want to. “ Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: ye are of more value than many sparrows.” Is not that grand? It is found in Luke 12:7.

This seems to be quite a fruit country. I had all the cherries I could eat to-day where I was visiting. It is very hilly from here to Excello, which is the nearest railroad station.

I wish you would copy that temperance piece for me about the doctor speaking and the minister and deacon saying, Amen. You and I are temperance from the tops of our heads to the soles of our feet, and we must be working for that. Remember these verses which are so inspiring, “ Be of good courage;” “ as thy day is so shall thy strength be;” “ I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.” Never alone; no, never alone. Thou needst not fear. Jesus is a friend that sticketh closeth than a brother. Read John 3:16. Is it not blessed that He loved us so much as that?

I am now reading Moody's Life. It is very interesting. If you get a chance, you ought to read “ Fifty Years in the Church of Rome, or The Life of Charles Chiniquy.” I read it. It is splendid. It sheds light on popery, and is very instructive as well as interesting.

“But though rivers and States divide us,
And you no more I see,
Remember that one true friend
Will often think of thee.”

Jesus is my rock and my salvation. The Lord is my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. He has always proven Himself to be so. God bless you, Alice; you have been a comfort and help to me, and I trust I have been to you. Oh, what a wonderful deliverer God is. He is the only one who can help us in trouble. What pain it would give me if you backslide. God can use you, and this world needs your Christian influence. Do your duty, never fail. Keep your eyes upon Jesus. Search the Scriptures. I must say good-by. As ever yours for lost humanity,

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER: I have been writing some letters. I don't believe you realize how much I love you. How much greater is the love of Jesus. Our love is not to be compared to it. God knows how to work His working. His mind is not finite like ours, but infinite. God is supplying all our needs, bless His holy name. I say God bless you from the bottom of my heart. Keep up your courage.

“The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storms can not hide His blessed face.”

God is wonderfully supplying our needs, and when He thinks we need a change He gives us the money to get something new, or puts it in the heart of some of His children to give it to us.

“Then rally, rally, rally round the cross,
No one there shall ever suffer loss.”

But in the name of Jesus we will conquer every foe. Last Sunday I heard a young preacher preach. I wrote most of it down. The Lord helped him so much. God's will is destined to be done. How very true this is. Let us be careful to have His will our will.

It is a beautiful morning, so cool and nice. It is about 5:30. I have lots of writing to do this morning. I have all my own, which is a good deal now-a-days, and business letters and a good deal of mother's.

The anniversary of the Declaration of Independence has now passed. It hardly seems possible that time has flown so fast; but the sun never stops for any one. It stood still once, but God bade it be still.

God had His purpose in not permitting me to come to see you this summer. There was surely some reason. When you are having a hard time, just think of this verse,—

“The thorns in our path are not sharper
Than composed His crown for me.
The cup that I drink, not more bitter,
Than He drank in Gethsemane.”

I would not mind taking supper with you. I can only say God knows best where we should be, and when He sees fit to have me share your company, He will open up the way for me. “The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.” There will be no more parting, sighing, crying, trouble, sickness, or anything of that kind when Jesus comes. Don’t you think we ought to hold ourselves in readiness, and hail His coming, which will mean so much to saints and sinners? as that will be the time they receive their rewards, whether they be good or evil. Let us ask ourselves this question quite often, “Am I ready?”

I remain as ever your loving sister.

TO MY DEAR SISTER, FOR HER 20TH BIRTHDAY, JUNE 22, 1900:

Just twenty years ago a child was born into the world so dark.
Just twenty centuries ago a child was born into this world, but hark!
Into better circumstances you say,

Nay! Verily, I say,
No better circumstances.
The one was born to grief and sorrow, lit up at times by some light
ray;

But list, the other was born to fill a different purpose:
He died that men might live.

The blessed Christ, whose cry was heard far o'er Judea's plains,
He has gone to reign in heaven above, and intercedes for me
Where men know no more pain.

And while the other's left behind,
Remember what He said:

"I come again, and in my glory I sit down and crown the faithful
For my own with an immortal crown;
And if you to your trust be true,
I'll claim you for mine own.

Then, in a brighter world than this,
Thou'l forget all the past

In all the wondrous mysteries of pleasure that shall last."

This poem does not rhyme very well, but it has good sentiment, and you must take the will for the deed. Whenever you are lonesome, just think about your Elder Brother in heaven, and it will help you. God bless you for your great kindness to us. Be sure you are in the order of the Lord. I would like to send you a birthday present. If I can I will subscribe for the *Searchlight* for you. I will send you a white temperance bow. Jesus saves and sanctifies me just now.

Your sister,

BERTHA.

I could not do justice to this dear girl and her devoted life by the short sketch that I am trying to get before the readers of this volume. She has much writing that will never go before the public, much laboring and praying with souls that will only be found in the books of God. I want to say that at this period, during the month of July, 1900, we went through deep waters, and this dear girl worked hard; but her face was always bright and her heart full of praise to God. Her talk and writing to others was always full of encouragement to them, and not a word about her burdens, which she told alone to God. She was living

for the good of others. If the young students were not getting along well, and were in any way discouraged, she would take them home with her, and would talk and pray with them, and they would go away cheered up. Her great love for souls, and her gentle way of dealing with them, won its way with everybody. Although every one would not be helped, she had the confidence and respect of all with whom she had to do. Letters from those to whom she had been a help have come to me saying her place could never be filled.

JULY, 1900.

MY DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER: I went over to Sister —'s this forenoon, and I am going to iron for Mrs. S— this afternoon. I have ironed for her several times before.

Bless God, it does not seem to me I ever was so glad that I am saved as I am now. God supplies all our needs according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus, our Lord, and keeps us sweetly saved all the way. Jesus is the fairest of ten thousand to my soul, and the one altogether lovely.

Well, bless God, don't be discouraged. The prospect is as bright as the promises of God. Do you believe it? It is true. I am sorry crops are in such poor condition; but be encouraged, God will take care of you if you do His will. Hear what He says: "For the very hairs of your head are numbered. Fear not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows." Take all your financial troubles to God, who has said, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." You remember you have our sincere prayers. Every night before I lay down my head to rest, I get on my knees and pray to God for you and many others; but best of all, Jesus never forgets us. He has said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and He is interceding for us at the right hand of God. He has been interceding for us for two thousand years. Just think of it. When He was in the Garden of Gethsemane and on the cross He bore the sins of the whole world. If we would just think more of how much Jesus had done and given

up for us, it would make the cross easier to bear. We are continually praying God to bless you. Keep looking to Him. He will carry you through if you have your trust in Him.

I am sorry we could not send you a letter Monday, but we had no money to send it with. I am going to deliver some pictures today that I have enlarged, and we will send this letter in the morning. I almost finished one yesterday, when I got tired; I thought I would quit and rest awhile. They are both pictures of one woman, taken the day she was married, and she died less than a year ago.

Well, camp-meeting is almost here. I expect we will have a very good meeting. C— S—, nominee for State Governor, will perhaps be here, and all the great holiness preachers; and bless God, He will be here, and I tell you that is enough to shake this old town. It has been standing here ever since the Civil War, and perhaps a good while before. They put up their tents in the college yard and have the meetings in the chapel.

I took those pictures home, and they liked them so well. O glory to God, He so wonderfully helped me with them. Truly there is not a friend like the lowly Jesus.

Now be sure and vote the Prohibition ticket. I can hear some birds twittering, and oh! it is such a pretty morning. What a beautiful world this would be if it were not cursed by sin; but bless God, we can go to heaven where there is no sin, if we are true and faithful. I hope this will find you well and happy. I am your true sister to help lift up the fallen and fight the devil until I die. I am on my way to heaven with glory in my soul.

BERTHA.

A letter to another friend:—

MY DEAR C—: "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace: thereby good shall come unto thee. Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee: and the light shall shine upon thy ways." Job 22:21, 28. Can you claim that promise? God's promises can never fail. I can assure you that I will pray God to direct and lead you concerning your marriage. Be careful that it is not some of the devil's traps to hinder you. It may not be; but keep looking to God, and ask His guidance. If you take

Him for your guide, and do as He tells you to, you will never make a mistake.

We got your letter to-night, and was glad to get it. I don't think you or I will ever forget the blessed times we have had in St. Louis. But it was not all sunshine. Many times we could not see our way through, but bless God, He brought us off more than conquerors.

“Life with trials hard may press me;
 ”Twill but drive me to Thy breast.

“The cross that He gave may be heavy,
 But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
The storm that I feared may surround me,
 But it ne'er excludes His face.

“The thorns in my path are not sharper
 Than composed His crown for me,
The cup that I drink not more bitter
 Than He drank in Gethsemane.

“*Chorus:*

“The cross is not greater than His grace,
 The storm can not hide His blessed face;
 I am satisfied to know,
 That, with Jesus here below,
 I can conquer ev'ry foe with His grace.”

Thank God for that. I am sorry your sister Rosa is so sickly. I will remember you in my prayers. Hold on to God. He will deliver if we “have faith in God.” The Lord never has failed us, and we have no reason to believe He ever will. “God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.” I am glad that “present” is in there, for if He could not help us now it would not do us much good.

“When you feel weakest, dangers surround,
 Subtle temptations, troubles abound;

Nothing seems hopeful, nothing seems glad,
All is despairing, oftentimes sad.

“ If all were easy, if all were bright,
Where would the cross be, where would the fight?
But in the hardness God gives to you
Chances of proving that you are true.

“ God is your wisdom; God is your might;
God ever near you, guiding you right.
He understands you; knows *all* your need;
Trusting in Him, you’ll *surely* succeed.

“ Let us press on, then; never despair:
Live above feeling; victory’s there.
Jesus can keep us so near to Him
That never more our faith shall grow dim.

“ Chorus:

“ Keep on believing, Jesus is near,
Keep on believing, there’s nothing to fear.
Keep on believing, this is the way.
Faith is the night as well as the day.”

Bless God that is true.

LATER.—Thursday I went out into the country and staid until Friday morning, as my friend had people there making hay. It is a nice country out there. It is again a beautiful evening, and the darkness of night is about to cover this part of the earth. But bless God, it is always light when He is with us. Oh, the joy and comfort there is in salvation! I would not exchange the salvation of Jesus Christ for tens of thousands of worlds like this. What would I have done had I not had our Saviour and His promises to fall back upon? They say, “A friend in need is a friend indeed,” and that is just what Jesus is. How comforting His words, “Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.” O C—,

be true to God, and don't let the devil tie you down. Be sure you are right, then go ahead. When we were thinking of coming here, and were praying for light and guidance, I claimed this promise, "And the light *shall* shine upon thy way;" and when He says *shall*, He means it. Hold still, and let Him have a chance to let the light shine. Do not be in too big a hurry. Give God a chance to make known His will is all I can say about it. We are always glad to hear from you, so don't forget to write. God be with you. I am still on my way to heaven with glory in my soul. BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER: Another day has been added to those that are in the past, and we are one day nearer our reward. It is now 8:55 P. M. I will try to tell you what I have been doing since last time I wrote, which was Wednesday morning. Wednesday, I moved; Thursday, I straightened up; Friday, I ironed for Mrs. S— from eight o'clock until five; of course I had an hour at noon; to-day, I ironed for ourselves. The Lord is wonderfully keeping up my health and strength. He is so good to me. I am still saved and sanctified.

(A few days later.) I am not seeking a house on this earth, but a mansion not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where moth and rust do not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal, reserved in heaven for me if I am true and faithful. I have been down to Sister —'s to-day, ironing.

Camp-meeting starts to-morrow night. They will put up the tents to-day. I have a picture of a little girl that I want to finish before the meeting. I am still on my way to glory, and expect to arrive there in due time, as my ticket is on the Celestial Railroad.

If you want to read one of God's big promises, and want to have success, you will find the key to a good part of it in Isa. 58:13, 14. That is a key to lots, and if persons are not afraid to risk God's words, which have stood six thousand years, they can try it and see. I believe it would work well. Those promises are just as good to-day as when written. BERTHA.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I will have to write to you to-day, as I will not have much time for writing Monday. I under-

stand Brother W. B. Godbey will have a Bible reading this afternoon on "Hell," and I can not afford to miss it, so I will write as I get a chance and go to church. As quite a number of preachers were on the ground Wednesday night, they had a meeting. Brother Johnson preached. He also preached Thursday night. Yesterday morning Dr. Godbey preached, and had a Bible reading in the afternoon. Less than a year ago he came back from Palestine and over where Jesus traveled. He has been in Egypt, Rome, and London, and I guess almost all over. It is interesting to hear him talk. He said that while at Rome he was in the great amphitheater built by or for the emperors, and it was one hundred and sixty feet high. There was room in it for one hundred thousand spectators, and it was one thousand eight hundred feet in circumference. He said a voice could be heard anywhere in that immense amphitheater. He also said it would seem wonderful how the children of Israel could hear each other the day that God commanded six of the tribes of Israel to stand on Mt. Gerizim (you will find it in Deuteronomy), and pronounce the blessings that would come to them if they obeyed Him, and the other six tribes stood on Mt. Ebal, and He pronounced the curses that would follow if they did not obey. He said it would seem wonderful how the people could hear them, as the two mountains are ten miles apart, and the people were told to say "Amen." He said it was a natural amphitheater, and the voice could be heard anywhere in that valley. It is wonderful, is it not?

You remember how Nero commanded Paul to be beheaded, or all the Christians, I don't know which; but anyway, Paul was beheaded, and it is said (Brother Godbey said we might take it for what it was worth) that when his head was cut off, it bounded three times, and each place where it touched the earth those three times a spring sprung up. W. B. Godbey said he drank out of each of them. He also went to Mount Vesuvius with some others, and they wound up the mountain until they had to stop; and then they came to the awful crater, which is about two hundred feet in diameter and about 300 feet deep; and while they were standing by the mouth of that awful crater, the earth just trembled, and every once in a while the fiery lake of lava would throw up some, and the smoke and ashes would cover their garments. As they looked

down into the crater they could smell the brimstone and see the flames, and it looked just like the mouth of hell. He wished every unconverted person could just get a look into that crater. He said they were in danger all the time they stood there. He once went up a pyramid in Egypt, which covered thirteen acres, and was 550 feet high, and three Arabs had to help him up. He has written a book, "Footprints of Jesus." It must be interesting, if it tells all he saw in his travels.

I am still saved and sanctified. Yes, this is a world of parting, but I intend to go and spend an eternity in a world where partings are unknown and the word "farewell" is never spoken.

Your sister for temperance, and to lift up the fallen,

BERTHA.

DEAR BROTHER: How would you like to meet the Judge of all the earth the next minute after you had cast your vote for a license party. May God help us to answer the question, or we will see it in the judgment. You talk about throwing away your vote like shooting up in the air when we want to hit ducks in the pond. Well, if it was shooting up in the air as you say, I would sooner do that than to hit a man that favored liquor license. Do you not know what the president showed himself to be by taking the side he took on the canteen question? O God keep the Christians at breast from upholding a man who will close his ears to the pleadings of so many broken-hearted wives, mothers, and sisters. You might rather not vote than to vote to help the devil. It seems like the majority of professed Christians say as you do, "Oh, it is no use trying; we can not do it," when the God of the universe says, "Is there anything impossible with God?" I say, No. What do you say? Every time you vote for a license party, you put in a bid for your wife to be a mourning, sorrowful widow, and your children to fill drunkard's graves. O God, speed the time when all will vote as they pray. In the name of the only begotten Son of God, who died for you and me and all mankind, I beg of you that if you will not vote out and out for prohibition that you will not vote at all. We pass this way but once. Remember we can never recall yesterday's work. I am yours in the battle for God,

temperance, and right. I expect to fight till I die. You are going to fight with me for God, are you not? Yes, of course. BERTHA.

MY DEAR SISTER C——: I received your good letter a few days ago, but had no opportunity of writing until now. I am still praying for you. God will answer prayer. I am glad Rosa is getting along so well. God bless you and keep you firm, is my prayer.

Camp-meeting is going on. Thank God for victory through the blood of Jesus. I am so glad you are getting the burden of a lost world on you. Oh, that we all would get under the burden for the lost and perishing ones. We are nearing the end of time. Soon the angel will blow the trumpet, and announce in a voice like thunder that "time is no longer to be."

"Then, oh! what a weeping and wailing
When the lost ones are told of their fate.
They'll cry for the rocks and the mountains;
They'll pray, but their prayers are too late."

It seems to me that the most awful word man could imagine will be when we are weighed in the balance, God's word in one scale and we in the other, and it is said, "Weighed in the balance, and found wanting." What would the pleasures of the world be to us then. All prophecies tend to the coming of Christ shortly. Nearly all the prophecies have been fulfilled, if not all.

Last night we had such a good rain, and it seems to have cooled off the weather, which has been very warm.

We are expecting victory in this camp-meeting. Several have been healed, and some sanctified.

We received word a few days ago that Sister Smythe has gone to glory. Thank God, I believe she was ready. She was always very kind to me. I am glad she is now free from all pain. Hallelujah, we are coming after. We had a blessed meeting last night. Many were at the altar, and one boy especially got gloriously saved. Oh, it was blessed. It was 11:00 P. M. when I got home from church.

Bless God, take courage.

Your true friend, saved and sanctified,

BERTHA.



BESSIE, BERTHA'S, SISTER.

DEAR SISTER: Camp-meeting has now closed. Many of us will probably never meet again until we meet at the judgment bar of God. The meeting was a wonderful success, and the Lord has shown His power. Surely He was here. I am so glad I am saved, and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanses me from all sin, and that I am ready to meet God. Let us be true to God; and when trials and temptations may oppress our pilgrim way, let us remember that the thorns in our way are not sharper than composed His crown for us, and that with Jesus here below we can conquer every foe. It is such a comfort to know that God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. "He will never leave us nor forsake us." With such a promise as this can we not dare to be true? I have complete victory in my soul, and I am going through in spite of all men, or devils in hell.

School begins in a week from Monday. God be with you.

Yours for the forsaken and cast down,

BERTHA.

MY DEAR SISTER: The most blessed camp-meeting that I have ever attended has now drawn to a close, and oh, how lonesome it is going to be when all the tents and every one has gone. W. B. Godbey is a blessed man. He had to go to another camp-meeting Friday, but God stayed with us, and we had a blessed time. Saturday was temperance day. We had a splendid temperance meeting. Yesterday was a good day. They say this is the best camp-meeting they have had, and I believe it. It is voted back here again next year. Quite a number of people have fallen under the power of God during this meeting. One fell yesterday. I have thought of you many times during the meeting.

I hope this will find you well and happy. I am going to heaven Meet me there. God be with you till we meet again. BERTHA.

MY DEAR C——: We received your letter, and was glad to get it Thank God for *victory*. I was very glad to get your picture, and when I get mine taken, I will remember you. I am so glad to know you are keeping victory and do not get discouraged. I thank God

there is nothing discouraging about this battle, but rather encouraging; but yet the devil would try to make us think there was. I am so glad we can have victory through the Saviour all the way through. I am so thankful that you are willing to let God have His way. That is the only kind of people God can do anything with. If we are determined and clamoring to have our own way God can not do anything with us, but if we are willing to do God's will, it will not be long until we find out what His will is. Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and He can fill every vacant place in your heart.

I am so glad your mother is getting better. They had united prayer for her here in the sisters' meeting, and truly the "fervent effectual prayer of a righteous man availeth much." God will heal His children when they cry to Him. I think these are some of the sweetest words of Jesus when He said, "Lo, I am with you always even unto the end of the world." Be encouraged. I am saved and sanctified, and going to heaven.

I here send you a temperance bow. You can do as you please about wearing it. I wear one.

BERTHA.

DEAR FRIEND: Ah, listen! Every twenty-four hours America's homes are robbed of one hundred more girls to sustain social evil and six hundred boys ruined for every one hundred girls. Oh, can you afford to help on this infernal trade? When you go to the ballot-box, think of your wife and your sisters, and think you are helping down some other boy's sister and some other girl's brother, if you cast your vote for a license party. Can you afford to do it? What does God say about it? "*Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him.*" Please read Hab 2:15-18. The saloon-keeper could not sell, if he did not have a license; and they could not get it, if they did not get it from the license party; and the license party could not exist, if people did not vote for it.

How awful it was for you to be prepared to kill any one. Flee to Jesus, and get that *kill spirit* taken out before it is too late to save you from a murderer's hell; for we know that no murderer hath any part in eternal life, unless they repent. I suppose you

think I am severe, but it is because I love your soul that I say it. If I did not love you, what would I care where you landed? I hope you will take this friendly advice, and profit by it.

Yours to fight for temperance, against the whisky devil, and to help lift the fallen until I exchange the cross for the crown.

BERTHA.

From her journal:—

Amount spent each year:—

Christian missions	\$ 5,500,000
Ministers' salaries	12,000,000
Publications	96,000,000
Sugar and molasses	155,000,000
Boots and shoes	197,000,000
Meat	303,000,000
Clothing	459,000,000
Bread	505,000,000
Tobacco	600,000,000
Intoxicating liquors	940,000,000

\$455,000,000 more for tobacco than for bread.

\$637,000,000 more for liquor than for meat.

\$297,000,000 more for tobacco than for meat.

\$1,200,000,000 for drink, \$20,000,000 every week.

Some people say there is no use voting the Prohibition ticket—that your vote will be lost. Your vote will count in heaven, if cast right; and it will count in hell, if you vote wrong. Every year sixty thousand boys ruined, and others have to take their places.

SEPT. 4, 1900.—We had a wonderful night last night. Glory and honor and majesty be to the Lamb that was slain to save fallen humanity. What I wanted to say last night was this, that God so wonderfully helped us through. We were almost running out of money again, and we did not know where it was coming from; but God knew, and He sent us some. Truly,—

L.G.C.

“ ‘Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus;
Just to take Him at His word;
Just to rest upon His promise;
Just to know ‘Thus saith the Lord.’ ”

I intend to go through in spite of men or devils.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER ALICE: It has been raining this afternoon, and so it is quite cool. I expect to-morrow will be your last Sunday at Sunnyside, and it has evidently not been God's will for us to spend it together, but I can say, “Blessed is the will of the Lord.”

I am the child of a King. The King of kings and Lord of lords, and a God that never lost a battle, is fighting my battles for me? Hallelujah! There is a motto hanging above the table where I am writing that has on it, “He giveth more grace.” How *very* true that it. I was more lonesome yesterday, I believe, than I have been for many a day, but I have gotten almost over it.

We washed to-day, and just got our clothes out a little while before it started to rain. It is still cloudy, although it has stopped raining.

When camp-meeting closed, I was not as lonesome as I thought I would be. Keep up a brave heart, dear girl. “God be with you till we meet again.” God willing, we shall meet again to spend some more happy hours together. I am so glad that God withholds no good thing from those who walk uprightly. I have not the slightest doubt but that if God had seen it was for my good to go up there this summer, He would have opened the way. I am not murmuring nor complaining at all, for I want God's will to be done; yet my mind will wander back to old Sunnyside, and the road which we traveled so much together. Nearly every Sunday we would traverse the same old road, and in the cool of the evening when the golden sun was setting, and our minds from care were free, we so often would take a walk together, very often across the field which separated us. Yes, we can hardly help thinking of it; but though rivers and States divide us, there is a tie that binds our hearts in Christian love, and our hearts need not be separated. I hope this letter will not make you sad on account of references made to the old time. You remember the last look we had of

Sunnyside together — one Thursday, when the iron horse pulled out of town, and took me along, and I have never seen you since.

This town is very quiet, and that is what I like. I truly thank God for a quiet place to go to school and a good school to attend. I can remember when we used to play we were going off to school and the like. We little knew that that would be a reality so soon.

Life is reality,
Life is no dream.

We had a very good camp-meeting. I think it was estimated that about one hundred got saved.

H—— was over to see me. I think she is the nicest girl here. She reminds me so much of you. She holds her fingers so much like you when she plays the organ. About six o'clock H——, M——, and myself went to the graveyard. It was the first time I was ever in it. It is back of the college. Two of the tombstones especially impressed me. One of them had a gate on it. The gate was ajar, meaning, I suppose, the heavenly gate. The other one had some pretty buildings on it with these words, "In my Father's house are many mansions." Both of them made me think of my heavenly Father's mansions He has prepared for us if we are faithful. Have you been sick? I am sorry. I did not know it. God bless you, and make you strong again, is my prayer. You must take care of your health, and I beg of you as a sister interested in your welfare, to quit wearing corsets, and even corset waists. Please do not throw your health away. A waist such as I wear is enough to keep you in shape. God never made His work for man to mend; and although we should not go around looking slovenly nor distasteful on account of not having our clothes neat, we should not destroy the temple of the Holy Ghost; which temple ye are, as the Bible affirms.

I am saved, sanctified, and going to heaven in spite of the devil. I hope this will find you getting strong. As you study real hard, you need exercise. God bless you and give you what you need.

Then be it thorns or flowers, dear friend,
Thou wilt thereby be blessed indeed.

BERTHA.

Here is part of a letter written to Bertha by the author of "Methods and Results of Rescue Work":—

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER: I can not find words to express the comfort and source of strength your precious letter has been to me. My heart is cheered as now and then I catch the sound of fresh young voices, full of consecrated missionary zeal, assuring me that as we who are made by physical weakness to retire from the field, they are coming on with *Victory* written on their banners to fill their places leagues ahead of where we quit. All through your most interesting letter I felt the real missionary spirit. I firmly believe God had His brand on you for this special work, and I am praying that you may continue to grow in grace and knowledge of the truth. The world needs earnest, honest, clean, pure-hearted men and women to demonstrate that there is power in the blood to keep us unspotted from the world, to preserve us blameless, and present us faultless to the Father. I'd prize a photograph of your dear face very much. I am lovingly yours,

ADDA M. FLATBUSH.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER ALICE: Truly,—

"God works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.
He plants His footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

It is a lovely morning. It is so still and calm. A holy stillness seems to rest on this part of the globe, but pretty soon people will be up and hustling about their work. I suppose this will mean another year of separation; but bless God, we will meet pretty soon anyhow.

This verse you sent me is surely true:—

"There is room for my name in your memory,
There is room, my love, in your heart,
There is room for us both in heaven
Where the blood-washed never part."

Tell me all about your trip, and how you are getting along in your soul. God be with you till we meet again.

I think I shall take the following studies,—arithmetic, etymology, elocution, grammar, spelling, vocal music, and Bible study.

I can see as distinctly as if it were before my eyes, the old school-house at Sunnyside, and where we used to sit by the window on the north side looking out over the golden grain growing in your field. When my mind wanders back there it runs back to the pleasant days instead of the sad ones, although some of the saddest days of my life have been spent there. Just a month and you will be sixteen. How time does fly. I will not be with you on your birthday; but thank God, He will be there.

LATER.—School is now out, and it is a beautiful evening. The golden sun will soon be set, and we know not whether we shall ever see it rise again; but thank God, I know I am ready for heaven if this were my last night on earth.

The college looks very nice from here. It is only about a hundred feet from here. The birds are twittering. What a beautiful world were it not cursed by sin. I will say that the prospects are as bright as the promises of God. I have heard it said that this life would not be worth the living were it not for the trials and disappointments in it. We need them to keep us humble and close to Christ. Keep true to God. Jesus says, "Hold the fort, for I am coming." Hallelujah, He is coming, and will bring His reward with Him. Will we the crowning share? By God's grace I will. We have everything to encourage us. I am learning as never before what it means to trust God. O how He does supply our needs, and never leaves us when we are in trouble. It is wonderful!

I can say that God pardons all my sins, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth me from all sin, and the very God of peace sanctifies me wholly. Help me pray for temperance and distressed sisters. Your true sister, for God, home, and native land,

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER AND BROTHER: I am saved and sanctified. I beg of you, with all my heart, to please vote for prohibition. You will have to answer for it. I wish God to bless you, from the bot-

tom of my heart. Let God have His way with you. I am your true sister to work for temperance, to lift up the fallen, and be true to Jesus until I shall have laid down the cross to receive a crown, and I go walking up the golden street.

We have a girl sixteen years old. She ran away from home. Her father is a drunkard, and abused her terribly. Her mother has been dead six years. We felt that we ought to take her. She came here, and was converted at the camp-meeting. I saw her a few days after, and she felt so discouraged that I took her home with me, and talked and prayed with her. We felt we ought to take her here to save her from the devil. She had an awful will, but God has done wonderful things for her since she came. She is saved and sanctified, and says God has called her to work for Him. The other day she came in where I was, laughing, she was so blest. She said God told her to burn her corsets and beauty pins, and they were in the stove burning now. She knew that her corset was hurting her, and she wanted to glorify God in all things. O praise the Lord, we do have some wonderful blessings and victories together. The other night we had almost a Pentecost; and as I was singing "Walking Up the Golden Street," she kept getting happier and happier. I was pretty happy myself.

Now, dear brother, please do not vote for the devil. Every Christian is a Prohibitionist. I am going to pray, pray, pray for temperance, and fight the devil as long as I live. God be with you.

BERTHA.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I am so glad to hear that you are a Prohibitionist from top to bottom, and that you are going to vote for God and right. God bless you.

You know there are coal mines not far from here, and that mining is quite dangerous. Once in a while some get hurt or killed. A man, who had a wife and four children, went to work this morning for the last time. He was brought back a corpse. At four o'clock in the afternoon a stone fell on him and smashed him, and ended his existence in this world. They live just a little way from here. I heard that he had once been a Christian, and had told some one that he intended to get saved again. Truly they that are often

reproved, and harden their necks, shall suddenly come to destruction, and that without remedy. God can not lie, and He has just fulfilled His words when He says, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found." That suggests there is a time when He is not found. If this man waited for death-bed repentance, he never got it. I understand he only lived a few minutes. Oh, how heart-rending it was to hear the screams of his poor wife and children. I hope it will be the means of leading them to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Conviction was depicted on many a brow. I know that sudden death with me would be sudden glory.

"There is a time, we know not when,
A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
To glory or despair.

"There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path;
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.

"O where is this mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn
That he who goes is 'Lost'?

(Lost! Lost! Lost through the ceaseless ages of eternity! Lost! Lost! Lost!)

"How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end? and where begin
The confines of despair?

"An answer from the skies is sent:
'Ye that from God depart!
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.'"

Your loving sister,

BERTHA.

JOURNAL, SEPT. 17, 1900.—Last Sabbath I helped some with the meeting. I read Exodus 14. I believe God blessed what I said to some one. I am sure it did me good; as I told —, there was a good atmosphere up around the pulpit. I can say I am saved and sanctified just now, and ready for heaven. Amen.

SEPT. 18, 1900.—Another school-day has passed into eternity. I am still on foot for glory, saved and sanctified.

SEPT. 22, 1900.—Another school-week has passed and gone. I think it was the most profitable of my life so far. First, God has helped me so wonderfully with my lessons all the week. He has helped me to get and remember. Second, God wonderfully helped me Sunday morning and gave me liberty. Third, God wonderfully helped me and gave me a chance to speak to Mrs. S— (whose husband was killed a short time ago) about salvation. She was standing in the door as I was coming along the street, and oh! she had such a sad face. Woe, sorrow, and anguish were surely depicted there. I spoke kindly to her, and told her I sympathized with her; but Jesus, who alone knows all, is the only one that can comfort us. I asked her if she knew she was saved. She said, "No, Bertha, I do not, but I want to be." I went with her into the house, and knelt down beside her. She was greatly moved upon, and the oldest girl, who was kneeling by me, cried as if her heart would break. I asked Mrs. S— if she would get saved, and she said she would try. I told her I would pray for her, and on coming home we went on our knees, and besought God for help and salvation for that poor soul, and we felt that God heard our prayers.

I felt last Wednesday night like I ought to lead chapel service Thursday morning. I told the Lord if He wanted me to do so, He could make the Professor ask me; and sure enough, after we got to the chapel, he handed me a Bible, and told me to read. Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. He also helped me to help — out. She felt she ought to pray, but the devil was so hard on her that she could not. So this week has been one of victory. I am saved, sanctified, and intend to be true. God also helped me to write my testimony for the "Good Way."

LATER.— Honor, glory, and majesty to the Lamb that was slain forever and ever. Well, we started in school work again Monday morning with new vigor and determination to go through for God.

We were out to B—— the other night, and had prayer-meeting with the children. We had been there several times before. There is a wonderful opening here in College Mound for young workers. I would encourage all to come who possibly can. Pray God to get the hindrances out of the way. He can do it. The devil will probably try to keep many away who should be here.

She wrote the following about a trip to Macon City:—

MISSION WORK.

Hallelujah to our God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

I will now tell of our missionary trip to Macon City. Sister L——, Sister A——, Brother W——, and I started from College Mound about ten o'clock, and although the road was very muddy, we got there in good time. While Brother W—— was caring for the team, the rest of us, after inquiring the way to the jail, went and made an appointment for the next day. When we were informed that a number of the prisoners were to be taken to the penitentiary on the following Monday, we then understood why we were so strongly impressed to come, notwithstanding the many seeming hindrances in our way.

We then rejoined Brother W—— at Brother B——'s, and at about seven o'clock, after a season of prayer to God for help, we started on our mission to the saloons. Our first visit was to the one in which a man was killed just recently. Sister L—— asked permission of the bar-tender, who said that he had no objection to our holding services, provided the policemen did not interfere. So we went ahead, sang some appropriate songs, and had prayer; after which we each spoke alternately. Brother W—— told them of his wonderful deliverance from the liquor habit. Sister L—— gave an appropriate talk. Then Sister A—— talked to them about the effect of alcohol on the human system. After we had sung "In

an Army Barrack," and a few other selections, I felt impressed to say a few words. In my remarks I incidentally referred to the man being killed, very unconscious of the fact that the bar-tender—a fine-looking young man—was the murderer, and at that time had a pistol lying on the shelf behind him. We then sang, "Don't sell him another drink, please," after which the bar-tender seemed very uneasy. After we had been there about an hour, we went to another saloon, and were followed by a greater part of the boys who were in the first saloon.

The next saloon we entered was quite full. Sister L— again asked permission to hold services, which was granted. We began singing, and God wonderfully anointed us, and our singing had its effect. Very few drank while we were there, except a few old men, who evidently did it to throw off conviction. In this saloon one old man,—a Catholic,—who evidently was nearly drunk, became so enraged that he acted like he intended to fight Brother W—; but the others quieted him, and before we left, he took up a collection for us, which was accepted only because we knew if we did not, it would most probably be spent for liquor. One man said to Brother W—, "Here is the last dime I have on earth; I'll give it to you instead of spending it for drink. I intend never to touch another glass." Brother W— said, "You will never go into another saloon?" "No, I never will," he answered, and he seemed very much troubled. After spending about an hour there we returned to Brother B—'s, where we staid overnight. We awoke the next morning to behold a most beautiful day, from which we received a new inspiration, feeling that God had given it to us that we might better glorify Him.

The devil tried to hinder Sister A—'s usefulness, but God wonderfully came to our rescue by relieving her of the affection of the lungs which rendered it difficult for her to sing, or even to breathe; so we went on our way rejoicing.

At ten in the morning we went to the jail, accompanied by Brother and Sister B—, taking some papers to give to the prisoners. The deputy-sheriff opened the great heavy door that, as it were, barred out all liberty and sunshine from the lives in which the Sun of Righteousness had not risen. This was our first visit to

a place like this. As we entered, we said, "Good morning, boys," to which a number of them responded. We then sang, "There's not a friend like the lowly Jesus," and after Scripture reading and a touching exhortation by Brother W—, we had an altar service. Four came to the altar, and the others seemed deeply affected. Two or three of those who came to the altar claimed pardon. Brother W— was truly anointed of God, and he walked in among the prisoners as fearlessly as if they had never committed a crime. Brother B— broke down, and wept; he said he had rather be there than in the finest church in the city. He gave them some fatherly advice. In Miss A—'s talk she referred to card-playing, portraying the evils it led to, and asked if any one objected to her burning a deck of cards which we had noticed lying in the window. One man exclaimed, "Yes, burn them," with such earnestness that they all seemed willing except one man, who objected. The cards were not burned, but I am sure that what she said did good. We then sang appropriate songs, such as, "Your mother still prays for you, Jack," "Search for my wayward wandering boy," etc. After singing "God be with you till we meet again," we shook hands with them, and bade them good-by, never to meet again, in all probability, until we meet at the judgment, where we shall have to give an account of how we have lived, and how we have improved our opportunities for doing good. We are sure our meeting did good; how much, we will never know until the books are opened.

BERTHA.

JOURNAL, SEPTEMBER, 1900.—I received word Saturday that I had a baby niece. God bless her, and make her a soul-winner, is my prayer.

DEAR SISTER, BROTHER, AND PRECIOUS NIECE: Yesterday was just a beautiful day, seemed so much like spring. I have a picture to make to-day. I have done a little on it, but not much. I got tired, and quit. When a person gets tired working on a picture, she ought by all means to quit, if she don't want to spoil the picture.

Praise Jesus, He is pleading our case; and God says He will avenge his own elect that cry unto Him night and day. Yes, He

will avenge thee speedily, and I believe it, for we have a friend that it always closest when we need him the most. God bless you I am saved, sanctified, and on my way to heaven with the glory in my soul. I am for temperance, education, and the building up of God's kingdom in the earth.

Thank God, my brother, that you are a Prohibitionist, and that you are not voting for a party that would just as soon put that precious girl of yours in a brothel as not. I hope you will be good parents to her. God bless her, and may she help me in my work for temperance and right. You will have to move down here now, sure, to give your girl an education in a holiness school. Just think! A precious life has been entrusted to your care. You need sanctification now more than you ever did before, to raise that child for heaven. I will send her a temperance bow. Have your picture taken with her as soon as you can, and be sure to have the temperance bow on her. Now please dress her for God. You are in a very responsible place. May God give you wisdom to train her for a life of usefulness.

My studies are pressing. I must close, and go to my lessons.

“God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again.”

Your loving sister,

BERTHA.

I have just been out to pray, and got blessed. I have glorious news to tell. Victory! I am going through with Jesus.

Yours to be true till I die,

BERTHA.

MY DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER: I just came home from Brother —'s. We went out there before dark to have a prayer-meeting with the girls. We held our meeting rather long. It got dark and began to rain, and we had quite a time getting home. Glad you are getting along so well. I would be glad if baby had all your perfections and none of your imperfections. She is going to be God's woman to work for Him, and probably help me in my work.



BERTHA'S MOTHER.

God has wonderfully looked out for us, and He will continue to do so. Be true to God. I like College Mound very much because of the school. It would not be much of a place were it not for the college.

LATER.—It is just a beautiful day. It makes me lonely for the days my sister and I spent together, and when she was in St. Louis, and we took our trip to Shaw's Garden; but we do not live to please ourselves. There will be a grand reunion some day. Hallelujah! If we are faithful, we will have the privilege of going to a place where there is no more parting and the word "farewell" is never spoken. I have had some blessed times here, and I get lonesome only once in a while. I suppose you remember when we all went to Union Market, and all the bananas we had. I am not thinking so much about the bananas as of the rest. I remember the last time we walked down Jefferson Avenue together, and we took you to the depot the last time. O how I prayed that night after we got home. We went into the meeting, and after it was out Charles was sitting on the steps that go up-stairs. He said it seemed pretty hard to part with you.

Your loving sister, saved and sanctified, BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER ALICE: Oh, it is such a beautiful morning I have just been having a good time praying, and got blest. Hallelujah! I am going through with Jesus, and be true till I die. God bless you. It seems I can read the very nobleness of your character as I gaze into the depths of those blue eyes of yours; but remember, all the nobleness of us is all of grace, and nothing we can boast of, and it will only continue to be true nobleness as long as you use it in God's service and for Him.

I have lots of studies, and it keeps me pretty busy. I have no time to waste, but the time I write I do not call wasted.

God's richest blessing go with you through life, and keep you safe from harm is my prayer.

May He, who clothes the lilies,
And heeds the sparrow's fall,
Guide and protect you, Alice,
And keep you safe from all.

I am going to be true to God till I lay down the cross to wear the crown, and this mortality takes on immortality. Be true to God in everything. It pays.

BERTHA.

MY DEAR SISTER ALICE: It is a beautiful day after school, and it reminds me so much of the many evenings we walked home from the Sunnyside school.

Do be true to God. If we are faithful, we will go to a place where partings are not known and farewells never spoken. Won't that be blessed? I feel as Frances Willard said, "Life is a frail canoe on the boisterous sea of life — but God will carry us through." Although I miss you very much, yet I would not be in any other place than where I am, because I know God wants me here, and He truly fills every longing of my heart. Hallelujah. The trials of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way. Whenever I get lonesome, it draws me nearer to that blessed Lamb who will take all the faithful to a land where parting is not known, and it draws my thoughts heavenward.

I am getting along very well with my studies. God wonderfully helps me. To-night is prayer-meeting night, so I must close and study.

God be with you till we meet again. Your own loving sister, to be true till I shall leave this world, and go to my Father, to go no more out forever. Hallelujah! I have the genuine religion.

BERTHA.

OCTOBER, 1900.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER: To-day has been a very busy one to me, but I feel that God has been with me, and to-night I am resting safe in the arms of Jesus. Many things have happened since we parted. God has been with me and directed me. Bless God, it is all right. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go. When I was in St. Louis in the missionary home, I remember so often when I would lay down on my cot by the south window, looking out on Randolph Street, that I would sing —

" Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkening shadows round about me creep,

Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be Home, Sweet Home."

And I felt it all through me. I would be so happy. I had no home, and owned nothing in this world; but thanks be to God, I was an heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown. I had a heavenly Father who owned all the money in the universe and the cattle on a thousand hills, and I was serving under a General who never lost a battle, and He would not lose mine. Jesus is pleading my case. It is wonderful how contented the Lord helps me to be. He has been so good to me. When I feel burdened and go to God in prayer, I feel such a sweet peace in my soul; and I know that while we may be misunderstood and misjudged in this world at times, yet I feel so restful, knowing that a just court is soon going to set in heaven and justice given. Sometimes we can not understand why it is that we have to go through certain trials here, but sometime we will know. Bless God, this expresses it all:—

"When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of that city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When *all* that *now* seems so mysterious
Shall be bright and as clear as the day,
Then the toil of the road will seem nothing,
When we get to the end of the way."

DEAR SISTER ALICE: It is again almost night, and I have some studying to do, and prayer-meeting, too, to-night. Some people fool away their time—"killing time," as they say; but I tell you we pass this way but once, and we have no time to fool away.

I suppose you are a Prohibitionist from head to foot. Jesus was. It is a beautiful evening; just like we used to spend together.

Well, bless God, it is all right. If it is God's will we shall meet again in His own time. Yes, I will pray for you. It pays every time to be true to God. When He said, "My grace is sufficient for thee," He meant it, and it is true. I know God can deliver at all times. Have faith in God. "As thy day is, so shall thy strength be." I have still got full and free salvation from all sin, and the blood of Jesus cleanses me from *all* sin, and the very God of peace sanctifies me wholly.

LATER.—I am very busy this morning. It is beautiful, but quite cold. Last night we had such a good prayer-meeting at the chapel. This college is undenominational. It is a holiness college. It is run according to its name, too. I must now go to my lessons, I can not neglect them. God bless, shield, and protect you and be with you. I am always glad to hear from you. You still have a place in my affection. I am saved and sanctified.

Your loving sister,

BERTHA.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: Hallelujah to our God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Honor, glory, and majesty to the Lamb that was slain, forever and ever. We were out to Brother —'s, and had prayer-meeting with the children the other night again.

I am saved, sanctified, and have a conscious knowledge that I am ready to meet God. Never allow yourselves to go to bed unless you know without a doubt that you are ready to meet God at any moment. Thank God, I belong to Him. The toil of the road will seem nothing when we get to the end of the way. He loves us too well to forsake us, or give us a trial too much. All his people have been dearly purchased.

We have prayer-meeting every Friday afternoon in the Professor's room, for the students. We have such good meetings. The Lord is wonderfully helping me with my studies. We go to school at 8:30 A. M., and come home at noon; back at 1:00 P. M., and home again at 4:30 P. M. We have chapel service in the morning until 9:00 A. M. Then we recite every half hour in the day except two, making one hour that we do not recite. We have

Bible study that one hour, so you see we have not much time to prepare lessons in school. We do nearly all our studying outside.

I got a quotation from Charles. It reads like this, "There are two sides to a person's reputation, the true and the false. The only thing that causes us to feel embarrassed for a moment is when we are introduced to a person, and he says, 'Yes, I have heard of you.' The first thought that arises is, Which side have *you* heard?"

Well, hallelujah! I have the genuine religion. It is the only kind worth having. We do not forget to pray for you. Do not get discouraged. I never forget you, even if you do get a short letter sometimes. Remember they carry as much love as a common letter ever carried. God bless you. This morning I felt quite burdened for you, and it has not all left me yet. You are depriving yourselves of the highest joy when you have not this full salvation. All I can do is to pray, and I intend to pray more than I have been doing. It is said that John Knox prayed Queen Mary off the throne of England, and I am going to endeavor to pray something down. It pays to serve Jesus. I speak from the heart. O that I could show you your awful danger, but I do not expect I can. It takes God to do that. I am on the go-through line, and am praying for you, and Jesus is, too.

Your sister, to be true to God till He says, "It is enough, come up higher."

BERTHA.

MY DEAR BROTHER: As I said before, I have not forgotten to pray for you, but it seems to me that you persist in having your own way, and not submitting to God. You know what His requirements are. I am not alluding to any special work, but God has called you to holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. If this moment you were to be ushered into the immediate presence of a just God, who has said, "Be ye holy: even as I the Lord your God am holy," what excuse would you give for not having the preparation He requires? You know too well that you could not give Him excuses as you give now. O do listen, and heed before it is too late.

"There is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path.

A hidden boundary between
God's patience and His wrath.
Oh, where is that mysterious bourne,
By which our path is crossed,
Beyond which God Himself hath sworn,
That he who goes is lost!"

You know only too well that God is warning you. When I pray for you, I seem to get an evidence that you will some day get where you will obey God; yet at the same time I have the feeling that unless you will yield to Him while He is gently calling, that He will use stronger means; and I fear that whatever it means, it will mean a great deal to you. I have felt this, and I have said very little about it; but I have felt it my duty, for it says in Ezek. 3:17 that God has appointed us watchmen, and that if we do not warn people, and they die in their sins, their blood will be required at our hands. I intend to do my duty to you whether it hurts or not. Will you take warning while God is tenderly calling, or will you wait until God starts to pour out His judgments upon you? Why not yield to God now, and avoid the wrath of a justly angry God? You know what I have been telling you is true. Would God I could show you your danger as it is. "They that being often reproved, hardeneth their necks, shall suddenly come to destruction, and that without remedy." Prov. 29:1. "Heaven and earth shall pass, but not one jot or title shall pass from the law till all be fulfilled." God bless you, and may you see your danger, and get out of it.

Even if we did have a hard time in this world serving Jesus,—which is not the case, as Jesus helps us,—it would be much better than having a good time here, which the world does not have, and spending an eternity of woe. I would sooner take my hard times in this world. What would forty years of hardships, or even one hundred, count in this world to 1,000,000,000,000 years in hell; and then eternity will still be no days less. You may think I am over-drawing this picture, and am just excited; but that is not so. These are facts which can only be avoided by doing your duty.

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS BROTHER AND SISTER: To-day is Saturday, and Charles is out cutting wood. He is fat and rosy. I guess I am what you call rosy, too. Professor is our Bible-class teacher, and he says people ought to be sort of reddish; that was the way God made man. And I say they squeeze all the pink out of their faces. No wonder they are so white. They soon get their livers out of order, and then turn dark.

I have been over sweeping the chapel, as Charles was not here to do it. Brother E—— came a few minutes ago, and gave us a sack of potatoes. God bless him. He is a temperance boy, and says he is going to vote for Prohibition. There was a man here for dinner to-day. He was a preacher. I asked him if he was going to vote for prohibition. He said, "Yes," and I had him promise that he would stir up his members to vote for temperance. I bless God, I know He is going to carry us through. Do all you can to influence others to vote for prohibition.

I've still a through ticket to the pearly gates, and a title clear to a mansion in the skies. Hallelujah! I am the child of a King. Be true to God. God bless you, and be with you till we meet again.

Your loving sister, to fight for truth and right till I die,

BERTHA.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: I well remember when I left you, and I was waiting in the depot at Omaha for the train. How many things have happened since then. It is wonderful.

"God works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Charles and I had such a nice trip. That same Thursday night that we left you at about 12:00 o'clock, we were crossing the Missouri, and we could see the fair grounds in Omaha all lighted up. It looked so pretty. The next afternoon about 3:00 o'clock we boarded the Pacific Railway car, and went puffing toward St. Louis. I did enjoy it so much. I remember as distinctly as ever the next morning we entered the suburbs of St. Louis, and I was wondering, you know just like a person will, about things. Then I remember when we came to the missionary home that Brother —— was the

first one I saw. I have had such good times in St. Louis sometimes. We had such nice weather while I was there. One night when Charles and I were going to the Mission (the main streets in large cities are very crowded, and you meet a great many), we made up between ourselves to notice how many among those we met would be talking about what some one else had said and what they had said, and every one we met were, except two or three. So you see that is the train of thought and conversation. I well remember the last few days we spent in St. Louis. Saturday we went down to Carondelet and stayed until Monday. We went down to the park that afternoon. When we came back, we received fifteen dollars in the mail. We then went to work, and got ready to come to College Mound. Monday night Charles and I walked up Jefferson Avenue for the last time. The next morning Brother T— took us to the depot, and by ten o'clock we were making for Moberly, where we changed cars for Excello. We reached College Mound about eleven o'clock Tuesday night. I don't think I shall ever forget old St. Louis times. God has so wonderfully shielded and protected us.

“ When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of that city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
 Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious,
 Shall be bright and as clear as the day;
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,
 When we get to the end of the way.”

Every word of this is true. Some day we will understand.

Charles is chopping wood, and I am going to help clean the college library. Bless God, I know this past year has been the best one of my life. I have grown in grace. I am sure I have. I am saved, sanctified, satisfied with the way, and on the march for glory. I intend to be true every step of the way. Be true to God and He will be with you. He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Many of those I know have gone to the realms of an un-

known world. I expect to meet five of these. They were dear friends to me. God knows what He took them for, whether we do or not. I am so glad I am ready to meet God now. How is it with you? Do you know the same? It is your privilege. Men nor devils can not cheat us out of heaven, but we can keep ourselves out if we choose. I propose, for one, to spend an eternity in the realms of eternal bliss. Oh, I would not give up the joy and peace in knowing that I am ready to meet God for a thousand worlds like this. But still we may sell our souls for nothing, and that is what thousands of people are doing to-day, and they are slipping into hell.

The Lord is wonderfully helping me in my studies, and I am so thankful for that.

Is that really true about —? Well, I tell you the devil is getting hundreds of them all the time. It is terrible, and people go along the street hallooing, "Hurrah for McKinley!" and I read in a temperance piece the other day that Congress passed a law forbidding the army canteen, and McKinley vetoed it; and ever since then, in spite of petitions and everything else, this man, that some people call Christian and noble, has had the power to do away with the army canteen, and he did not do it. Is not that an awful shame? I must close. Be sure you are ready to meet a just God.

Your loving sister,

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS ALICE: To tell you the truth, I do get lonesome sometimes to see you, but there are some things that man must endure, and I guess that is one of them. Well, bless God, I'll get to see you in His own time. Be true to God, and stick up for what is right. We used to talk about getting our education together. I don't expect that will ever happen, unless you should come down here to go to school; but we can all make our lives a success if we will, and I intend so to make mine. Use your influence for temperance. Do your duty at all costs. Heaven is cheap at any price. God bless you, and may you be instrumental in saving many souls. To-morrow is election. God has some faithful servants who will vote for God and home and native land. God will reward them. There is nothing truly noble or heroic unless it is right. May God's

richest blessings rest upon you, is my prayer. You will never come to such a hard place but that Jesus can take you through. Always remember the devil is mighty, but God is Almighty; and He has promised to be with us always, even unto the end of the world. Amen. Glory to our God. He saves, sanctifies, and fits me for glory just now. It never pays to give up.

"We pass this way but once.
The ripened harvest white
Has waited long the victors' song;
Thrust in thy sickle bright.

"We pass this way but once.
There's work divine for thee:
On every hand, the needy stand,
And sigh for sympathy.

"We pass this way but once.
Wage well thy warfare now,
Beyond the strife, bright crowns of life
Await the victor's brow.

"We pass this way but once.
Where saints and heroes trod,
Through toil and pain, at last to gain
The paradise of God."

That is very true. What we do must be done quickly, for the time cometh, yea, is even at the door, when we can not work. A few more years and we will be ushered into the presence of our Lord. Will we meet Him with joy, or will we hide from His blessed face? As for us, we purpose to sing the praises of God around the great white throne where there are no more heart-aches and no more troubles and pains, and where we shall go out no more forever, and where the word "farewell" is never spoken. There shall be no more sorrow nor trouble, neither weeping; for Jesus will wipe away all tears from our eyes. Is not that blessed?

Who would not want to spend such an eternity of bliss? But I fear there are many who are dreaming of heaven who will never see the inside of that pearly city whose builder and maker is God; for He has said, Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into heaven, but they that *do* God's will, and it means more to do it than just the mere say so. "If ye suffer with me, ye shall also reign with me." Jesus is going to have a bright and glorious bride without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing. This world is not a place for us to fool away and kill time, as the saying is, but it is a place for us to get ready for a never-ending eternity. Oh Alice, just one hour spent inside the pearly gates will amply repay us for all we have to undergo in this life. We shall have to give an account of every vain and idle word we speak, so let us be watchful. If you should gain an entrance into that beautiful city before I do, look out for me, for I am coming, too. Oh, it will be wonderful when we shall meet Jesus, if we are able to look into the face of Him who paid the debt on Calvary, and say, "I have suffered with Thee, now I come to reign with Thee, and here are the sheaves I bring with me;" and He will look at us and smile, and say, "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord." Then we shall sing the songs of Moses and the Lamb through the ceaseless ages of eternity, and we shall wave our palms of victory, and play our harps, and sing. "Glory! Glory and honor and majesty to the Lamb who was slain, but who liveth again, and shall live forevermore." Oh Alice, with such prospects before us, can we not afford to go through a few trials here on earth? Oh, the inexhaustible love and mercy of God, who permitted His blessed Son to come and die that we might live. Oh, that we would be more thankful. There is a day when everything that is now so mysterious will be bright and as clear as the day. By and by we shall know. There is a court going to set one of these days, and the chief executive judge will be Christ, and He is the one who will give justice. All wrongs will then be righted. As for me and myself, I can say that I am going to make my home in heaven, and take all I can along with me. I know that means a good deal, but still there is nothing impos-

sible with God. If we are only true and faithful, we will get out of this cold and unfriendly world where we shall have no more heartaches and pains, and where we won't be troubled with the problems of this life. Hallelujah! "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Blessed words of Jesus. He has done so much for me. God seems to have given me an inspiration to write this to-night. It may be you need courage. Now be true to God, and if you are not sanctified, get there; for God means every word when He says, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." We can not get around that. I know I am ready to meet God now.

Your loving sister in the battle for God, home, and native land,
BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS BROTHER AND SISTER: We have been working hard to-day. May and I have been ironing all day. We did three ironings. Well, I would not be anybody else to-night but poor me.

God says, "Blessed are ye that hunger now: for ye shall be filled." I have not been hungry yet, but it applies just the same.

I will tell you we are in the last church of Asia, spoken of in Revelation. We are in the Laodicean church. Hear what it says about it: "And unto the angel of the church of the Laodiceans write: These things saith the Amen, the faithful and true witness, the beginning of the creation of God; I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot (isn't that as true as anything ever was true?): I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked," etc. Here is the promise to those who are faithful and are hot: "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne." Thank God for that. See well to it that you are not lukewarm, for God has said He will spue such out of His mouth.

I was thinking the other day how wonderfully God kept me

the time I took Bessie to Elkpoint, and came back the next day alone. Well, I am sure I enjoyed the trip. I read nearly all the way home, and never thought of being afraid of my team. God spared me for a purpose, and I intend to fulfill that purpose to the best of my ability.

I wish, if it were God's will, that you could have the privilege of being in our Bible class. I would not miss it for anything, if I could help it. It is getting more interesting every day. We have it the first hour every day.

Well, yesterday was election day. The night before, Brother — was in here. I asked him if Brother —, a holiness man, was going to vote for Bryan, as I had heard he was. He said he would not be surprised if he did. I thought it would never do for a holiness man to vote for Bryan or McKinley, so yesterday morning I asked the Professor about it, and he did not know, but said that I might go out and find him and talk to him about it. They live just a little ways out of town, so I got ready and started on my mission. I met him on the way coming to town, and said, "I hear you are going to vote for Bryan. Is that so?" "No," he said. He said he used to be a Democrat, but he could not conscientiously vote for either party now, and that he was going to vote for prohibition. Of course I was glad of that. On my way home I passed the postmaster as he was out posting bills, and I said, as I passed him, "Vote a good vote for Woolley this time." I came home then, after having a nice morning walk and out on post for Woolley. Pretty soon the school-bell rang, and I started for the college, and on the sidewalk met Brother —, and said, as he passed, "Vote for Woolley." He said, "I have done that already." I tell you I was glad. E — cast his first vote for Woolley this time. This is the first time he voted, and he started out right. He wrote some poetry, and showed it to me. I have part of it: —

"Hurrah for Woolley, just for fun,
Enough to make the rummies run.
When Woolley's in, how I shall shout
To see the rummies digging out.
I'd vote for right, and lose my vote,
Before I would make a whisky bloat."

We have some good Prohibitionists here. Charles will be able to vote next time, if he lives and the world stands.

To-morrow and next day will be examination. Well, I am not afraid of it. I must stop writing now, as we were intending to go out to Brother —'s to have prayer-meeting with the young folks to-night. God bless you. I am saved, sanctified, and ready for glory.

Your loving sister, BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER AND BROTHER: I am so glad I have salvation, if I did not I would have a terrible time of it. God has promised never to leave us nor forsake us, and He is just as good as His word.

I am reading "Paradise Lost." I think it is very interesting. It is poetry, and you know I like poetry so well. I am so rushed with my studies. We are all well and happy, and I sincerely hope you are. God bless and lead you out in His divine love. I wish you could be here in our Bible class, and get the good of it too. It is just fine.

We are getting along very well. God is with us. There has been a show here in town, but of course I don't care for such things. God's people have something better. I am so glad I have the old-time religion, and am ready to meet God.

You must not think we have forgotten you when you don't get letters as often as you used to. I am kept busy nearly all the time, and sometimes we have nothing to send letters with; but our Father is rich, and He will carry us through. I can not express how thankful I am for the privilege of coming to this school, and I am willing to go through hardships. God will tide us over and see us through. May God's richest blessing rest upon you, and may you be where He wants you to be.

"God be with you till we meet again,
By His counsels guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you;
God be with you till we meet again."

I am, as ever, a lover of truth and right on every line,

BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER ALICE: It has been snowing to-day, and it is quite wintry. It did look so pretty while it was snowing.

A few evenings ago Miss A—, one of my teachers, and I went over to see a woman whose husband was killed in the mines last summer. I took a guitar and Miss A— a mouth-organ, and when we got there, we played "In the Sweet By-and-By," and "Home, Sweet Home," outside the door. Mrs. S— then opened the door, and invited us in, and we played and sang for her and the children for some time. Then we had prayer, and went home. When her husband died, she took it very hard. He had been a very wicked man, and was killed almost instantly by a falling rock, and lived only a few minutes after it struck him. After he had been dead a short time, I went to see her, and talked to her about religion, and prayed with her. She is not thirty years old, and she has four children. She was all broken up, and said she wanted to be saved, and I kept praying for her. I saw her a couple of times after that, and she said she felt better, but could not say she was saved yet. When we were there the other night, I asked her if she knew she was saved, and she said, "Yes," and her face just shone. I tell you it made me feel good to hear her say that, and to know I had done my duty, and that she had accepted Christ. Surely the joy of being instrumental in saving a soul is wonderful. If you have not tried it already, try it. It is grand. Let us see well to it that when we come up to the judgment-bar of God that no one will confront us and say, "If you had done your duty, I might have been saved; but now I am lost, forever lost, and my blood is on your skirts." God helping me, I intend to do my duty. I know it is a cross; it seems like it is one of the greatest I have sometimes, but God has promised more grace, and then it will not seem so hard.

We have students' prayer-meeting every Friday night. I enjoy them so much. Honestly, it seems like a miracle, and surely it is almost one, that we ever came to this school. Truly,—

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

God knew where we ought to be, and worked it around in His own way. I am in two Bible classes. One recites an hour and the other one a half an hour. If it were God's will, I should be so glad if you could be here to get Bible knowledge. I would not miss our Bible classes for anything I know of, unless God wanted me to. In our first Bible class we have been having the subject of marriage, and I believe I can tell the meaning of the scripture, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." We got right down into deep things, that is what I love. In our second class we are studying the four beasts mentioned in Daniel. It is a fine subject. I tell you I am interested. Professor Taylor is our Bible teacher. He is the president of the college, and has a fine education. He has made a special study of the Bible. It is blessed now, but better on before. I have barely got a start into the deep things of the Bible. Many people do not even get a start.

I can see God's hand leading me all along ever since I can remember. He has been so good to me. My experience has done me good, and I will know how to sympathize with others who have a hard lot. Sometimes I get lonely and would like to see you, but I am generally kept so busy studying. But time and tide wait for no man, and we must improve every opportunity, for they come but once. We are all working for glory, and if such a thing should happen as us not meeting again on this earth, if we are faithful we shall soon be in the mansion which is prepared for us, where we shall go no more out forever. Won't that be grand? In this world we meet and part and go from place to place, feeling that we are strangers, and that we are seeking a city not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens; but pretty soon things are going to change. We shall go into that city. Oh Hallelujah! No more parting, tears, heartaches, pains, and sorrows, but eternal rest and happiness. Let us be faithful unto death, and God will give us a crown of life.

"There are so many hills to climb upward,
I often am longing for rest;
But He who appoints me my pathway
Knows just what is needful and best.

I know in His word He has promised
That my strength, 'it shall be as my day,'
And the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way.

"When the last feeble step has been taken,
And the gates of that city appear,
And the beautiful songs of the angels
Float out on my listening ear;
When all that now seems so mysterious,
Will be bright and as clear as the day;
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing,
When I get to the end of the way."

I like that song so much. There are four verses, but these two I like especially. Read Rom. 8:35-39. God has said, "Heaven and earth shall pass, but not one jot or title shall pass from the law till all be fulfilled."

You talk of not having much to write. Well, I know how that is, for I have a hard time to write unless the Lord helps me. When I was in St. Louis, where I saw interesting things nearly every day, I had no trouble to write.

I know I am saved and sanctified and ready to die and go to glory. Be true to God at all costs. It pays. May God's richest blessing rest upon you is my prayer. Don't give up for anything, but get closer to God.

Your loving sister, for God and home and native land, and to lift up the fallen.

BERTHA.

NOVEMBER 22, 1900.

MY DEAR SISTER C——: I received your letter just one week ago to-night. I had been ironing all day, and was very tired, and your letter did me so much good. It was so refreshing. I often have spoken about your not writing, and wondered why you did not, and came near writing you again. I'm so glad you wrote, for it does encourage me to know you are still in the battle. We were enabled to gain some wonderful victories together in St. Louis through

Jesus, who has said, "We shall be more than conquerors." I have had some blessed times at St. Louis. But I know I am where God wants me now, and that is enough. This is a "Holiness School" in reality. A person is surrounded with good influences, and any one who will serve God is encouraged, and has a good chance of doing so. This school is run by no denomination or church, and is perfectly free from sectism or churchism. They believe that if you have your name written on the Lamb's Book of Life in heaven, that is sufficient. Of course they are not prejudiced against anybody, whether they belong to any church or not. People who belong to churches come here, and are as kindly welcomed as those who belong to no church. I think that is the right way. I am glad you have been praying for us, for we need your prayers. It is truly a wonderful thing to have the prayers of Christians. The Bible says, "The fervent effectual prayers of a righteous man availeth much." We have proven that to be true, have we not? It is wonderful how the Lord answered our prayers, both in your behalf and in ours. Bless God, we have a Father who is always the nearest when we need Him the most, if we only put our trust in Him. When I got your letter, before I opened it, I knelt down and asked God to prepare me to read the letter, and to bless you; and when I read it, I cried, not because I felt bad, but I felt so good. Oh, hallelujah for the old-time religion. It just suits me, but I want to get more of it. I prayed for you and Rosa. I feel so interested in her, although I have never seen her. I will remember and pray for her, that God may raise her up. I know He can do it, and I believe He will, if He sees it would be for the best. I also will pray for you. I believe in praying for one another. I know it is a great help. Let us unite our prayers for Rosa, also your mother and father, and I believe something will give way. It must be God who is softening your father's heart. God is able to finish what He has begun. He will do all He can. He says, "Ask largely, that your joy may be full."

It would be real nice if we could see each other again, and talk our hearts out to each other and pray; but still, if we are faithful, we shall walk the golden streets together in the city where God's people "shall go no more out forever," and where we shall never

part, and "farewells" are never heard. Hallelujah! Nothing can keep us from this but ourselves, for God himself has said, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long: we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 8: 35-39. God has also said, "Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled." Let us be true and faithful, and He will reward us.

It has been snowing this afternoon, and looks very pretty outside. It is the first real snow we have had. We have a good Bible class here. Our teacher is a very spiritual man. I would like you to be here, if it were God's will; still He knows best, and let us pray for your freedom in the work, and that He will have His way. We would be glad to hear from you whenever you can write.

I want to say that I am very interested in fallen girls, and the interest is increasing, and I would not wonder if that would be my lifework. God alone knows. I am sure I should enjoy it.

God be with you till we meet again, whether in heaven or on earth. Let us be true to God. We have gotten into some pretty close places sometimes, but God has always helped us out. I know to-night that I am saved, sanctified, and ready to meet a just God. I would not want to part with this assurance if you would pay ten thousand worlds like this at my feet in exchange; and yet if we are not careful, we will sell Christ for less than thirty pieces of silver. God help us. Be faithful, and we shall have the privilege of walking the golden streets arm in arm. Hallelujah!

Your loving sister for truth and right, and to lift up the fallen,
BERTHA.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: There are lots of things here that seem to help one along, but unless you keep close to Jesus you are in great danger of backslding. "Where much is given, much is required." We are in the last times. It can be proven by the Bible. If what is said about the Laodicean church don't hit us, I don't know what does.

I am quite interested in my studies. I expect to finish history, geography, etymology, and spelling this term. I am not bragging, but I can say that I very seldom go to class without knowing my lesson. My examination grades might be interesting to you: Arithmetic, 100 per cent; geography, 98; etymology, 97; civil government, 80; music, 90; spelling, 98.

I am saved, sanctified, and ready for heaven now.

Your loving sister, saved by grace,

BERTHA.

MY DEAR SISTER ALICE: I know I am ready to meet God. I mean to spend eternity in heaven. God is wonderfully helping me with my studies. I do not believe I ever learned faster in my life. I am keeping up my journal still. I have filled one book and started on another. When I was in St. Louis, I wrote a good deal in it; but since I came here, I have not seen or been in very interesting places to find much to write. I have learned a good deal since I left you. Perhaps not as much in books as in experience. I have learned that you can not depend on any one but the Lord. I have also learned that if you have any secrets, you must keep them to yourself. I have had some pretty good times since I saw you last. I thought the other day of the last walk you and I had together. I hope to see you again, and enjoy another walk with you; but if that should never be on this earth, we can walk the golden streets together in the next world if we will. There will be no more parting there. Hallelujah! Won't that be grand!

How changed things are from two years ago, or even one year ago. God has been so good to me, and I have had some wonderfully good times.

I was weighed last night. I weighed 126½ pounds. I think Charlie weighs about 165 pounds. He was awful sick this sum-

mer with fever, and got so poor. God healed him, and now he weighs that much, and looks rosy and plump. I think he is fatter than he has ever been, and he looks healthier. Bless God, I have so much to thank Him for. May He help me to feel as thankful as I ought. I know I am saved and sanctified now.

“Give fools their gold, and knaves their power,
Let fortune’s bubbles rise and fall:
Who plants a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.
For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man will own his worth,
Who seeks to leave as his bequest
An added beauty to the earth.”

“We pass this way but once—
Where saints and heroes trod,
Through toil and pain at last to gain
The paradise of God.”

Good-by,

BERTHA.

DECEMBER, 1900.

MY PRECIOUS SISTER ALICE: I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I received your letter last night stating your poor health. You may be sure I prayed for you. I did not worry about you, because I know God knows best, and can care for you better than any one else; but I could hardly help crying. I just could not help it, for I still hold you as dear as ever. I thought of old times, and I did ask God if it was His will to let me see you again in His own time. Honestly, my highest desire is to be a true soldier, so help me God. I go and tell my Father in heaven all about it. We know what it is to have hard times, but bless God, there will be no more sorrow, suffering, pain, or trouble when Jesus comes. Life is short at the longest. Let us be true, no matter what we may have to endure in this world. If we do not meet

on earth, we can dwell together in heaven. I surely will not forget to pray for you. You pray God to heal you, if it is His will. He can do it.

LATER.—Christmas is over. I think I am going out to canvass for soap this morning. We are having revival meetings. We are having good times. I was at Macon last Monday. We went to take a girl who had been staying with us. She went to her grandmother in Yorkton, Assiniboia, Canada. When the train came rumbling into Macon, the bells ringing, and all made me think of old times and of my train rides. It soon pulled out again..

Be true to God at any cost. I will pray for you; now you pray. I am still saved and sanctified. Your loving sister, BERTHA.

MY PRECIOUS BROTHER AND SISTER: I am very tired to-night. Although so tired in body, yet I am resting so peacefully in the arms of Jesus that I feel real sweet rest in my soul, and really my body is resting. I feel victory all through me, and if I ever feel rather downcast, that really does not worry me; but when the world's fierce winds are blowing temptations sharp and keen, I feel such a peace in knowing my Saviour stands between. He stands to shield me from all danger, and when earthly friends are gone, or can not help us if they should want to, He has promised never to leave us alone. Also this verse is the sentiment of my heart many times when the shades of night are gathering around us, and I sometimes sing it:—

“Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep,
When the darkening shadows round about me creep;
Knowing I shall waken never more to roam,
Anywhere with Jesus will be Home, Sweet Home.”

Be true to God. Be sure you don't backslide. You can not stand still after you have the light, if you don't walk in it. Now do see that you are ready at all times. Your doom may be sealed, if you are not on the lookout and see that you are ready continually.

BERTHA.

DECEMBER 31, 1900.

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER: Yesterday after dinner Charlie told me that Mrs. H—— (a woman living out in the edge of town, and who has consumption) would like for us to come over and play and sing for her. So Homer, Hattie, Charlie, and I went. Charlie played the guitar, and we sang. When we entered the room, she was sitting on the bed, leaning on a pillow. We played a few songs and prayed with her. It was almost time for the prayer-meeting, so we left. Before leaving, I asked her if she was saved. She said, "Yes, I know I am." We had a good time ourselves doing our duty. It was such a lovely afternoon.

We have been having revival meetings for over a week. There were eleven preachers at church the other night. Four persons were sanctified. These folks have the Bible doctrine. They let God do the convicting for holiness. Of course they preach it, and let God send the truth spoken to their hearts. A man is not responsible for what is in his heart, but he is responsible as far as getting it out is concerned. A man who is justified lives just the same as a sanctified man. The only difference is that the justified man has enemies within and without, and a sanctified man has them on the outside only. Of course God commands us to be holy even as He is holy.

I wish you a happy New Year. I have nothing to send you except love and good wishes. We are living in the last times. Be sure your title is clear to heaven. Jesus may come at any time.

Your sister, saved, sanctified, and on the stretch for glory, and expect by all means to get there.

BERTHA.

JANUARY 1.—We had watch-night meeting last night, and had a good meeting too. At 12:00 o'clock Charlie tolled the college bell for the dying year of 1900; and as the new year came in, the bell swung merrily, welcoming the incoming year. We were on our knees praying while the bell was tolling and ringing, and I could not help but cry as 1900 slipped out of my fingers. Not a moment could I recall of it. But it is all right. I entered on this year as I did last, not knowing what was coming, but I am confident that God will take us through. Christ is coming, and that soon; all

prophecies and evidence prove that. Are we ready? I can say that I am. Be sure you are.

Your loving sister for God and home and native land,

BERTHA.

JANUARY, 1901.

MY DEAR SISTER C——: We received your letter last night. I have not been feeling very well, so did not write before. Although I did not write, I have remembered you and Rosa in my prayers. There was a while I coughed so at night I would not seem to rest until towards morning; but for the last two nights God has wonderfully undertaken, and I have rested so much better, and I would not cough hardly any.

Be encouraged in the Lord. There is never a place that you will come to in the Christian warfare but what God can take you through. He is a Captain that never let a ship go down that was intrusted to Him. We are like a ship on a boisterous and troublesome sea of life; but when the waves get to coming too high, Jesus says, "Peace, be still." I am so glad that Jesus is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

BERTHA.

JANUARY, 1901.

MY DEAR SISTER AND BROTHER: I haven't been feeling very well, but did not have to go to bed. I had a cough, and cold in my head, but the cold in my head seems to be entirely gone now. I have no pain especially. Charlie looks so fat and healthy. He was very sick last summer. I guess you have no idea how bad he was. He looked so thin and haggard, but God finally saw he had been sick long enough, and He made him well and healthy.

I am still saved and sanctified, and ready to meet God now. Never lie down without knowing you are ready to meet the Judge of all the earth, who has said, "Follow peace with *all* men and *holiness*, without which no man shall see the Lord." It means a good deal to be justified even. We can not yield to any bad thing without sinning. May God's richest blessings rest upon you till we meet again, whether on earth or in heaven. We are praying for you. Jesus may come any time. Let us be ready, therefore, and

may He find us watching and waiting and praying. I think it is awful if you go visiting on God's day, which He has commanded us to keep holy. I think it is awful to go and visit with wicked people on the Sabbath day. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Isa. 58:13, 14.

FEBRUARY, 1901.—It has been a long time since I have written to you. I am getting stronger and better. The Lord has wonderfully helped me in my body. He is a friend in need. BERTHA.

JANUARY, 1901.

MY DEAR SISTER ALICE: You must excuse me for not writing before, but I have not been very well. I have not been to school since New Years, but I expect to start again this week or next. Next week is the last week of this term, and I am anxious to get back to school so I can catch up for examination. I expect to pass geography, history, and spelling. I had excellent grades in all my studies last term. I like to study. I hope you are feeling pretty well in body by this time. God bless you. It seems to me like this year has passed away so fast. I believe I have learned more simple love and faith in God in this past year than I ever had before. We had some strange experiences this past year, but God has stood by us through all. I am glad to hear you are saved and getting along so well. I am getting much better. I think I did not take enough exercise when I was going to school, and I confined myself to study too closely. I have had a very bad cough.

I am so glad so many got saved up there. Let us pray that they may hold out firm to the end. That was nice about that little boy that got saved. God wonderfully uses children a great many times in the salvation of others.

BERTHA.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

PRECIOUS GIRL: I regret that you have not heard from me for two weeks. I have been pretty bad, but I am getting better. I was pretty bad until last Sunday, when we prayed for my healing. God undertook the case, and I am getting better and stronger. My case is in the hands of a Doctor who never lost a case. I expect I will be able to start to school pretty soon. Your last letter was so good. The reason you did not get a letter sooner was because I waited to get a stamp to send it with. I have remembered to pray for you, and will continue to do so. I will try and write you a long letter next time. I am still saved and sanctified. We are having fine weather these days. Your loving sister, BERTHA.

MARCH 6, 1901.

MY DEAR SISTER ALICE: I am getting so much better in my body. I had three of the elders of the church come and anoint me with oil and pray for me. The Lord is restoring me. I go out for a walk every day. While I could not write, yet I did not forget to pray for you. It seems to be quite a nice day to-day. I guess I will go out and take some exercise after a while. Be true to God.

Your sister, saved and sanctified, BERTHA.

These last few letters to her friends I had to finish for her, as she was too tired to do it herself. For that reason they have no real ending, as we only put in here what she wrote herself. None of us thought of such a thing as her leaving us. We all thought she was getting better. She had blessed seasons with her Saviour, and walked and talked with Him until the last. She would, as it were, talk face to face with Jesus. I would hear her say, as she was sitting in her chair, "Oh Jesus, how I love you." Several times she told me that she saw Jesus. Sometimes I would run to her room, and ask her if she called me. She would say, "No, I only said, Hallelujah." The last Sunday she lived she got down on her knees, and prayed and wept with

two unsaved girls who came in to see her. Oh, how she pleaded with them to give their hearts to God. Oh, how surprised we were when her blessed spirit took its flight, April 17, 1901, from this cold world to a world of joy and bliss; but we have nothing to say. She has always been the Lord's, and He had a right to take her. When but a baby I would ask her whose girl she was, and she would say, "Jesus."

BIBLE REFERENCES FROM HER JOURNAL

BIBLE REFERENCES ON SANCTIFICATION OR HOLINESS.

Scriptures that seemingly oppose holiness. 2 Chron. 6:36 (may not sin); 1 Kings 8:46; Prov. 20:9 (nobody); Eccles. 7:20 (natural man); Rom. 6:20. The one verse, Rom. 6:6, is sufficient to answer all the above.

Scriptures interpret Scriptures.—Isa. 42:17. Backslider (he that is). Servant Israel not in original Roman Catholic. Job 5:7; 15:14, 16. (Spoken by Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, Job's enemies. God did not order it. Job 42:7.) Matt. 17:16, 17 (to a Jew); Rom. 3:10, 18; Ps. 53; Ps. 14; (Rom. 8) Rom. 7:14, 25 (not converted but awakened); 2 Cor. 12:7; Phil. 3:12; 1 John 1:8; Acts 3:19; Rom. 8:7. (Carnal mind; justification is like cutting down a tree, and sanctification is taking out the roots.) "Sanctify them through thy truth, Thy word is truth." John 17:17.

Commands to be sanctified. "Sanctify yourselves therefore, and be ye holy; for I am the Lord your God." Lev.

20:7. "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." 1 Thess. 4:3; Heb. 12:15. "And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I be exalted above measure." Some people say, "You have to sin a little to keep humble." Well, if that is the case, the more we sin the better, as we would get more humble; but it is not the case, for common sense teaches us better. Besides, God says, "He that committeth sin is of the devil." 1 John 3:8. Prov. 14:34; Rom. 6:1.

The carnal mind. Rom. 7:14-20; 8:6-8; Gal. 5:17-21; Matt. 15:19; Jer. 17:9, 10; Isa. 1:5, 6; Gal. 6:8.

Is a birth state. Gen. 5:3; Ps. 51:5; Job 14:4; Ps. 58:3; Eph. 2:3.

Remains after conversion. 1 Cor. 3:1-3; Eph. 4:22, 23; Heb. 12:1.

Provisions for its destruction. Rom. 8:3; Gal. 3:13; 1 John 3:8; Rom. 6:6; Ps. 51:2, 5-7; Gal. 5:19-21, 24; 1 John 1:7; Col. 2:11; 2 Cor. 6:4-18; Lev. 20:8; Eze. 37:28; Jude 1; Heb. 2:11; Titus 2:14; Heb. 10:10; Heb. 13:12.

BIBLE REFERENCES ON DIVINE HEALING.

- (1) *Sickness by sin.* Lev. 26:14-16; Deut. 28:58-61.
- (2) *Recovery is of God.* Ex. 15:26; Ex. 23:23; Deut. 7:15; Ps. 67:1, 2; Ps. 103:2-5.
- (3) *Instances of healing.* 2 Kings 20:1-7; Phil. 2:27.
- (4) *Christ healed the sick.* Matt. 4:23; 8:16, 17; Mark 6:5, 6.
- (5) *Commanded His disciples to heal.* Matt. 10:8.
- (6) *Healing to accompany preaching.* Mark 16:15-18.

- (7) *They did heal the sick.* Acts 5:16; Acts 28:8, 9.
- (8) *Retained in the church.* James 5:14, 15; 1 Cor. 12:9, 28, 30.

BIBLE REFERENCES ON "THE OLD TESTAMENT NOT DONE AWAY WITH."

Rom. 8:4; John 1:17; Acts 13:39; Gal. 3:23, 29; Gal. 5:18, 23. *Answers.* Matt. 5:17, 19. (Jesus kept the Law, and He is our Pattern.) Luke 16:16, 17; 1 Peter 1:23-25; Isa. 40:8; Rom. 6:14, 15; James 1:21-25; 2 Peter 1:21; Deut. 4:2; Rev. 22:18, 19; 22:9; Ps. 19:7, 8; 2 Tim. 3:16, 17; Luke 16:29, 31; John 17:17.

Not under. Col. 2:13-23; Heb. 9:10; Heb. 10; 16; Rom. 2:15-25; Rom. 7:6, 7; John 14:23, 24; John 15:10; 7:16, 17; Isa. 42:4.

BIBLE REFERENCES ON TITHING.

Gen. 28:22; Heb. 7:1, 2; Gen. 14:18-20; Neh. 10:36; Matt. 23:23; Luke 11:42; Lev. 27:30-34; Deut. 26:12; Num. 18:12, 21; Neh. 12:44; Neh. 10:38; Num. 19:25-28.

When to give. Ex. 34:26; Ex. 23:16, 19.

Result. Prov. 3:9, 10; 1 Tim. 6:17-19; Prov. 28:27; Prov. 19:7.

Giving. Mal. 1:6-11; 3:8-12; Deut. 16:9-17; Luke 6:30-38; 2 Cor. 8:1-9.

BIBLE REFERENCES ON THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Preface. 1 Cor. 15:3-8; Gal. 1:1, 11, 12, 17; Acts 26:15-18.

1 Cor. 11:20-30; Matt. 26:26-30; Mark 14:22-26;

Luke 22:19, 20; 1 Cor. 10:20, 21; Acts 2:42-46; Acts 20:7.

BIBLE REFERENCES ON MUSIC.

Invention of. Gen. 4:21.

Its effect on Saul. 1 Sam. 16:14-23.

Used for worship. 2 Sam. 6:5; 1 Chron. 15:28; 16:42; 2 Chron. 7:6; 29:25; Ps. 33; 81; 92; 108; 150; Dan. 3:5.

At festivities. Isa. 5:12; 14:11; Amos 6:5; Luke 15:25; 1 Cor. 14:7.

In heaven. Rev. 5:8; 14:2.

BIBLE REFERENCES ON THE FULNESS OF GOD.

(Based on Eph. 3:19.)

Rom. 15:13; 1 Pet. 1:8; Isa. 26:3; Matt. 9:29; Ps. 16:11; John 15:11; Matt. 6:22; John 7:17; 1 John 1:5, 6; Micah 3:8; Acts 1:8; Acts 15:8, 9; Ps. 104:16; Isa. 61:3; Ps. 92:12-14; Phil. 1:11; Gal. 5:22, 23; John 15:8; Rom. 15:14; Matt. 25:21; Acts 11:24; Ps. 65:9; Ps. 116:13; John 4:14; John 7:38, 39; Ps. 36:8; Rev. 22:17.

In the Father's dispensation they had the cup of salvation.

In the Son's, the well of water, typical of salvation.

In the Holy Ghost dispensation, rivers of water, or salvation.

Water is typical of salvation.

BIBLE REFERENCES ON THE LAMB OF GOD.

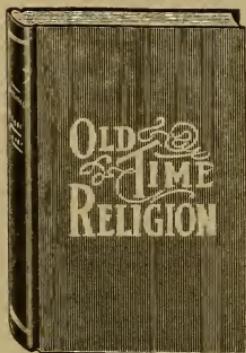
Lev. 3:6; 1 Peter 1:19; Lev. 4:32; Num. 28:3; Lev. 22:20-25, 30; Matt. 3:17; Lam. 3:22, 23; Isa. 53:7; Matt. 11:11.

- The Lord's Prayer — Matthew 6.
The Commandments — Exodus 20.
The Beatitudes — Matthew 5.
Paul's Conversion — Acts 9.
Christ's Great Prayer — John 17:17.
The Prodigal Son — Luke 15.
The Ten Virgins — Matthew 25.
The Parable of the Talents — Matthew 25.
Abiding Chapter — John 15.
Resurrection Chapter — 1 Corinthians 15.
Shepherd Chapter — John 10.
Love Chapter — 1 Corinthians 13.
Armor Chapter — Ephesians 6.
Bible Study Psalm — Psalm 119.
The Great Invitation — Rev. 22:17; Isa. 55:1.
Rest Verse — Matt. 11:28.
Worker's Verse — 2 Timothy 2:28.
Another Worker's Verse — Ps. 126:6.
Tongue Chapter — James 3.
Traveler's Psalm — Psalm 121.
The Greatest Verse — John 3:16.
How to be Saved — Acts 16:13-15.
Should I Confess Christ — Romans 10.

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